THE BOYS NEXT DOOR

(KILLERS' HOLIDAY)

by

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and

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A Republic Entertainment International Presentation

in association with New World Pictures

"Did we come here to laugh or cry?

Are we dying or being born?"

--Terra Nostra by
Carlos Fuentes

FADE IN:

BEGIN OPENING CREDITS

1 EXT - EXTREMELY CLOSE - BODY - NIGHT 1

An arm against an asphalt surface. A hand enters FRAME holding a piece of chalk and begins outlining the body.

2 WIDER ANGLE 2

In the f.g., a red flare burns. In the b.g., an OUT OF FOCUS FIGURE works on outlining the body. All is SILENT with the exception of the burning FLARES and the CHALK AGAINST THE PAVEMENT.

3 TIGHT SHOTS 3

of the body continue until:

END OPENING CREDITS

4 ANOTHER ANGLE 4

ROY ALSTON, an 18-year-old boy, muscular build, dark hair, dressed in t-shirt and jeans, rises INTO FRAME. Examining his work, he is sweaty and excited.

5 CLOSE - BOY'S FACE 5

belonging to the body which has been outlined. It is motionless until the eyes pop open and a smile breaks out. The face belongs to BO RICHARDS, also 18. His face is thin, he is nervous, and as we will soon find out, he is shorter than Roy.

BO
(anxious)
How's it look?

ROY (O.S.)
Excellent.

Bo gets up.

6 WIDE ANGLE - HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT 6

The two boys stand in the faculty parking lot of El Centro High. It is very late, the only lights are those of the flares and a couple streetlamps.

7 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 7

admiring their work. Bo SNICKERS.

8 INSERT - 'DEAD BODY' OUTLINE 8

9 EXT - ESTAB. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 9

DISSOLVE TO:

9a EXT - FACULTY PARKING LOT - DAY 9a

The Cafeteria and Gymnasium sit next to the parking lot. A large banner hangs from the gym: "GOOD LUCK GRADUATES. THE FUTURE IS YOURS!!." From the size of the buildings and * the number of kids walking the campus, one can safely assume El Centro High is a small school.

A CROWD OF STUDENTS have gathered around the 'dead body' outline.

STUDENT #1
Some guy broke his back.

STUDENT #2
No, I heard he was hit by a school * bus this morning.

BOY
So did I. Darin told me. *

10 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 10

at the opposite end of the parking lot in a fit of LAUGHTER.

BO
All right, here comes Bascom. *

11 BO AND ROY'S POV 11

Walking to the crowd is an older cranky looking man with a briefcase, MR. BASCOM. He moves students out of the way for a better look.

ROY (O.S.)
He's gonna drop a load.

BO (O.S.)
Here it goes.

Mr. Bascom cups his hand to his mouth and turns his eyes away.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

BO (O.S.)
(raspberries)
PPPhhhhfffffffff!

Roy SCREAMS with laughter. Bascom returns to the outline, wondering what could have happened. Bo and Roy LAUGH O.S. in the distance. Bascom and the students look up toward Bo and Roy.

12 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 12

avoiding Bascom's stare. Trying not to laugh.

13 ANGLE - BASCOM 13

staring at the boys, shaking his head, detest in his eyes. He motions for the students to move along.

13a ANGLE - STUDENTS 13a

following Bascom's command. Not finding the boys' joke funny, they look off at Bo and Roy disgusted.

CUT TO:

14 INT - CLASSROOM - DAY 14

Bo and Roy sit in the back of the room apart from the rest of the class. MR. HEATON stands before the room. He is 57, with glasses and a warm personality.

HEATON
I know you think teachers always say this, but you are the best class I ever had and I will miss all of you.

Bo motions to Roy as if "he won't miss me."

HEATON (Cont'd)
I know after tonight's ceremonies I won't see you again... and we are gonna let out a little early today but let me give you some advice from a friend.

15 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 15

rolling their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

HEATON
Most of you are going to college. You are the ones that will change the world and believe me the world is changing. For example, Betsy, you're gonna major in computer science, Ed is going to be an electrical engineer, Tom... what were you again?

TOM
(joking)
Modern dance.

The class BREAKS UP LAUGHING.

16 ANGLE - ROY, BO AND TOM 16

Roy scowls at Tom, who sits in front of him. Bo taps Roy and shows him a notebook. On the page is a drawing of Betsy with a computer component going up her ass and out her mouth. It is labeled: "BETSY IN COLLEGE." Roy smiles.

17 ANGLE - HEATON 17

HEATON
Remember the Toffler selections we read, he felt the world is in a period of transition between the industrial and the technological revolution. You have a unique opportunity to ride the crest of the third wave.

18 ANOTHER ANGLE 18

Roy looks at Bo and delivers a "jack off" sign.

HEATON (O.S.)
Mr. Alston, you have a comment?

TOM
(to himself, loud enough for the class to hear)
Unlikely.

Nearby GIGGLES and SNICKERS, O.S. Embarrassed and angry, Roy shakes his head.

19 ANOTHER ANGLE 19

HEATON
I know it sounds like a lecture. My point is... just remember my mother who was born the year the Wright Brothers flew and died the year Armstrong walked on the moon. In those 66 years of change, she never lost her humanity... you remember humanity? We read about it in chapter three.

20 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 20

O.S., the class LAUGHS. Roy stares at Heaton with fire in his eyes, while Bo doodles.

CUT TO:

21 EXT - LOCKERS/HALLWAY - DAY 21

A locker SLAMS closed. Roy and Bo begin walking toward the lunch area.

ROY
Humanity. What the fuck does Heaton know about humanity? What does he know 'bout anything?

BO
He's been locked up in that room for twenty years, hopin' to catch a couple beaver shots when the girls cross their legs.

ROY
Jesus, I'm glad we're getting out of here.

BO
Yeah, but we'll never see Bonnie Roberts again. *

22 BO'S POV - BONNIE ROBERTS * 22

A beautiful blond-haired girl with bright blue eyes at the lunch area, signing yearbooks with some HANDSOME BOYS.

23 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 23

ROY
High school didn't teach me shit.

BO
What 'bout learnin' about V.D. and rubbers in Social Living?

ROY
(beat)
All right, one thing.

BO
I shoulda bought a yearbook.

ROY
What for? I'm not even out of here and I'm tryin' to forget this place.

BO
I could have had Bonnie sign it.

ROY
You'd pay twenty bucks to have her sign, 'Dear Bo, have a nice summer. Don't change. Love Bonnie'?

Roy shakes his head. They reach the lunch area.

24 EXT - LUNCH AREA - DAY 24

The boys walk past Bonnie. Bo has his eye on her and at the last minute, works up the nerve to wave.

BO
Hi, Bonnie.

BONNIE
(half-smile)
Oh, hello Bob.

Bo smiles, waves back, and turns to Roy.

BO
(upset)
Bitch! She always calls me fuckin' Bob. I hate that. Bob's a joke name. *

CONTINUED:

ROY
Naw, Bob's a cool name. You can spell it the same way forward and backward.

They reach some picnic tables, painted school colors, near a three-foot-high metal railing. Kids gather around the tables talking excitedly. Bo and Roy lean against the railing.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

a good six to ten feet away from the rest of the gang. Bo's attention is on the kids, as if he was waiting for someone to talk to him. Roy's attention is elsewhere.

25 ROY'S POV - MARINE CORPS RECRUITER 25

set up at a make-shift card table with a large red and yellow Marine Corps banner draped across the front. A few pamphlets are laid out on the table.

26 ANGLE - ROY 26

Serious. Deep in thought.

27 ANGLE - KIDS AT TABLE 27

NANCY JOHNSTON, a proper-appearing Preppie type, is talking.

NANCY
It's at Joe's house after the ceremony. His parents are going to San Diego...

Kids respond with "AHHS" of delight.

BO
(interrupting)
What time?

Bo kills the pleasantries.

NANCY
What time what?

BO
What time at Joe's?

The Kids look at each other, silently wishing Bo would leave them alone.

NANCY
It's invitation only.

BO
Oh.

Roy walks away.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

BO
(pressing Nancy)
How do you get to Joe's?

Annoyed with Bo, Nancy shakes her head in disbelief.

CUT TO:

28 EXT - QUAD AREA - DAY 28

The Marine Corps SERGEANT sees Roy approaching and straightens up. Roy walks slowly to the table.

SERGEANT
Good mornin', graduate. Can I help you?

Roy shrugs and picks up a pamphlet.

SERGEANT (Cont'd)
What's your name, son?

ROY
Roy.

SERGEANT
Hello, Roy. I'm Sergeant Jack Colquitt, United States Marine Corps.
(re: pamphlet)
I see you're interested in Aviation Mechanics.

Roy tosses the pamphlet on the table and shakes his head.

SERGEANT (Cont'd)
(as if from memory)
You know, Roy, now is a fine time to enlist. Presently, we offer a delayed entry program in which you will receive a two thousand dollar bonus and a guaranteed duty station, not to mention...

ROY
(cutting him off)
I don't care about that.

SERGEANT
Well, Roy, what is your specific interest?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

ROY
You ever kill anyone?

The Sergeant is taken aback.

CUT TO:

29 EXT - LUNCH AREA - DAY 29

The kids are talking. Bo interrupts again, causing them to SIGH with disgust.

BO
(re: parking lot joke)
Hey, you see someone was killed here last night?

They ignore him and continue talking.

BO (Cont'd)
I hear they shot some guy.

No response.

BO (Cont'd)
He was robbin' a Seven-Eleven and they shot him in the head.

STUDENT
No, it wasn't, just a couple of...
(accusing Bo)
dicks, fuckin' around.

BO
You're kidding!

BOB REYNOLDS, a handsome football player type, approaches.

BOB
Hey, we're going to Well's Park. Got some beer and...

He puts his fingers to his lips as if smoking a joint. The kids gather their things to leave.

BO
A joke, huh?
(feigns laughter)
That's pretty funny.

The kids leave with Bob. Bo is disgusted with them.

CUT TO:

30 EXT - QUAD - ROY AND MARINE - DAY 30

SERGEANT
The Marines are a peace keeping force, Son.

ROY
But you do kill people?

SERGEANT
When confronted with enemies wishing to destroy our democratic freedoms, then the Corps proudly fights to maintain those freedoms.

Roy SIGHS disappointedly. He puts his hands in his pockets and thinks a moment. Bo runs up and puts an arm around Roy.

BO
(to Roy)
Hey there, Jarhead.
(to Sergeant)
No offense.

The Sergeant gives a polite smile. Roy is preoccupied with his thoughts.

BO (Cont'd)
(to Roy)
We got invited to Joe's party.

No response. Bo looks to the sergeant and back to Roy, confused about the situation.

BO (Cont'd)
Hey, you didn't enlist, did you?
(to Sergeant)
If you're lookin' for a few good men,
(points to Roy)
This ain't one of 'em.

SERGEANT
No, your friend here isn't interested in the Corps. He's just...curious.

Roy's eyes turn to the Marine. They exchange hard stares. Pause. Roy cracks a bitter smile.

CUT TO:

EXT - BO'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 31

Two quick taps on the HORN from Roy who waits in a beat-up Road Runner. A GRADUATION TASSEL hangs from the rear view mirror.

CUT TO:

31A INT - BO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 31A

A middle to lower income home. The nicest piece of furniture is the television. The decor definately doesn't match. An old couch sits next to a new recliner. Yellowing lamp-shades cast an orange glow on the family picures and K-Mart paintings on the walls.

31B ANGLE - BO 31B

holding an envelope, he looks out the window and gestures to Roy. He opens the envelope and pulls out a card reading; "TO MY GRANDSON ON GRADUATION." Bo takes some money from the card and stuffs it in his pocket, then tosses the card on the table. He steals a bottle of Jack Daniels from his parent's liquor supply. After a pause, he picks up the card and reads it. He sets it down gently on the middle of the table, making it a center piece.

CUT TO:

31C EXT - BO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 31C

Roy waits in the car. Bo runs out of his house, through the unkept front lawn, and hops into Roy's car.

32 INT - ROAD RUNNER - NIGHT 32

Bo knocks the tassel. Roy backs out of the driveway. They drive off.

BO
What happened to the fuzzy dice?

ROY
What the fuck, it's the only thing I ever got out of high school.

BO
I got two hundred bucks.

ROY
You rip off the graduation dance?

BO
No, my Grandpa in Phoenix sent it to me. You get anything?

Roy gives a look as if "are you kidding." An uncomfortable silence is broken as Roy shifts. Bo thinks a moment, then puts a fatherly hand on Roy's shoulder.

BO (Cont'd)
(parody Father)
Roy, I don't have to tell you I'm proud of you. You're not like the rest of the kids. You're destined for somethin' special.

Roy cracks a smile.

BO (Cont'd)
I always wanted you to be better than me, now go out into the world and get goin'! The future is wide open!

ROY
And so are Bonnie's legs, I hope.

Bo pulls out a bottle of Jack Daniels from his pocket. As he does so, a small cheezy autograph book falls to the floor. He quickly picks it up and hides it in his coat pocket. Bo raises the bottle, to toast.

BO
To the future!

They LAUGH.

CUT TO:

33 EXT - BACK YARD (JOE'S HOUSE) - NIGHT 33

A graduation party in progress. The house is slightly upper class, with a pool and Mexican style patio. POPULAR MUSIC plays in the b.g., mixed with the BARKS of a small toy poodle.

34 ANGLE - BONNIE * 34

talking with the kids, something catches her eye O.S.

BONNIE
Oh, no.

Everyone turns.

35 ANGLE - HEDGES AND SHRUBS 35

Bo and Roy crawl through. They stand, covered with peat moss. Both are obviously drunk. Bo throws his arms wide and smiles ear to ear.

BO
Congratulations, graduates!

35a ANOTHER ANGLE 35a

A couple of JOCKS move threateningly towards Bo and Roy. The host, JOE GONZALES, a wimpy but handsome boy, nicely dressed, attempts to avoid trouble by waving off the jocks.

JOE
(to Jocks)
I don't want any trouble.
Just ignore them.
(to Bo & Roy)
Look, you guys can stay,
but no trouble. Just be cool,
okay?

The jocks give Bo and Roy a hard stare before reluctantly giving into the host's wishes. The party resumes.

CUT TO:

35b ANGLE - BO AND ROY 35b

survey the party. Bo seems impressed. Roy seems irritable.

BO
(re: the party)
This seems all right, huh?

Roy shrugs his shoulders. Pause. Roy pulls out the bottle of whiskey and takes a long sip.

BO (Cont'd)
(careful not to offend Roy)
I'm gonna go check it out, okay?

Bo slowly walks away. Roy takes another sip, then looks around.

35c ROY'S POV - SERIES OF SHOTS 35c

Kids gathered around a yearbook. Laughing. Pointing at pictures.

Kids dancing. The girls are good dancers. The boys are awkward and self-conscious. All are dressed nice.

Guys and girls flirting in a Jacuzzi. Passing around a bottle of liquor.

35d ANGLE - ROY 35d

resentful. Feeling out of place, he HUFFS disdainfully then takes another long drink.

35dd WIDE ANGLE - BACKYARD 35dd

Roy ventures into the heart of the party. He moves to a patio table occupied by a group of kids. They stop talking as Roy grabs a vacant chair. Knowing that the kids are silently praying for him to leave, Roy pauses. Achieving the desired air of uncomfortable tension, he takes the chair and pulls it away from the group and sits down, alone.

35ddd ANGLE - ROY 35ddd

sitting alone in the middle of the party. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN to the seemingly impassive boy, until close enough to reveal the growing pain and resentment that can be found in his eyes.

35e ANGLE - BO 35e

standing by the punch bowl. Kids pass by but never acknowledge his presence, even though Bo nods his greetings and nervously smiles. He holds a pen in one hand and keeps the other in his pocket, holding the small autograph book. He looks O.S., nervous but with intense interest.

35f BO'S POV - BONNIE 35f

talking with another GIRL. The girl hugs Bonnie, then walks away, leaving her alone.

35g ANGLE - BO 35g

A deep BREATH, then takes a couple steps towards Bonnie.

35h BO'S POV - BONNIE 35h

A BOY and GIRL approach Bonnie and begin talking.

35j ANGLE - BO 35j

stops in his tracks.

35k ANGLE - ROY 35k

watching Bo, puzzled.

36 ANOTHER ANGLE 36

The couple walk away from Bonnie. Bo seizes the opportunity and moves over to her. He is nervous as hell.

BO
Ah, Bonnie?

Bonnie looks up. She's beautiful.

BO (Cont'd)
Well, I was kinda wonderin'... I know this sounds stupid, but would you sign my book?

BONNIE
(half-heartedly)
Well, okay.

Bo pulls out the small autograph book. All the pages are blank. Bonnie seems puzzled. Bo flushes with embarrassment. Several KIDS walk up to her as she's signing the book.

JOE
What are you doin', Bonnie?

BONNIE
I'm signing Bob's... book.

BO
(hurt, he mouths the words)
Bitch!

Bonnie holds in a laugh but the other kids SNICKER.

ROY (O.S.)
(drunk)
His name's not Bob.

Bonnie looks puzzled and nervous. A couple of JOCKS move to her aid. Roy steps in next to Bo.

ROY (Cont'd)
All fuckin' year you've called him Bob. His name is Bob!

BO
Bo.

ROY
Bo!
(pause)
You think you pissflaps could get it right just once.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

The Jocks move toward Roy. O.S., the high-pitched BARKS.

37 ANGLE - SMALL DOG * 37

BARKING at Roy's feet.

38 ANGLE - FAVORING ROY 38

LAUGHING.

ROY
What the hell is that?

Joe Gonzales enters and defensively picks up the dog. *

JOE
This is my mother's dog Bon Bon.
She likes this dog more than she *
likes me.

ROY
(laughing)
Bon Bon?

Joe walks away with the dog. Roy follows.

ROY (Cont'd)
You eat Bon Bons, Joe?

Bo is left with the menacing boys who literally stare him down. Bo pauses to evaluate the situation.

BO
(to Jocks)
I just want to know.

Pause. The kids are puzzled.

BO (Cont'd)
Bonnie, do you swallow?

Bonnie GASPS with embarrassment. The Jocks grab Bo.

BO (Cont'd)
About her tits, you guys would *
know. How big are her nipples?
Quarter? Dime?

Bo is violently shoved to the ground. He grabs the back of his head in pain.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

JOE (O.S.)
NO! Get away from there, Alston!

SPLASH (O.S.). Everyone turns their attention to the pool.

39 ANGLE - ROY 39

in the pool. Peat moss and grass floating to the top.

40 ANGLE - JOE 40

angry, standing at pool's edge. The Kids run up behind him.

JOE
Out of the pool, Alston.

41 ANGLE - BO 41

still on the ground.

BO
Ask him nice, Joe. Ask him nice or he'll piss in it.

42 ANGLE - JOE 42

turns toward Bo.

JOE
He'd better not. My father got a chemical that'll stain him purple if he goes in the pool.

43 ANGLE - ROY 43

smiling broadly, arms outstretched, surrounded by a purple cloud.

CUT TO:

44 EXT - JOE'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT 44

Cars are parked along the driveway and street. The party can be heard in the distance. Bo and Roy stomp toward the Road Runner. Roy's clothes are stained purple.

ROY
I hate every goddamned one of 'em.

(CONTINUED)

44 44

BO
I bet they all fuck her brains out.

ROY
That won't take long.

BO
Let's get out of here.

ROY
Let's get way out of here. Like a vacation. We don't have to start at the factory 'til Monday.

Bo thinks for only a moment.

BO
Where? Vegas?

ROY
Not with two hundred bucks. What about Pheonix?

Bo SNORES, acting bored.

45 ANGLE - BON BON 45

squeezing through a gate and playfully running into the front yard.

46 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 46

ROY
(quiet excitement)
Bon Bon!

BO
Where's that?

Roy runs to the car and jumps into the driver's seat.

BO
(whispers)
What are you doin'?

Roy grows excited as he pulls out the keys.

47 INT - CAR - NIGHT 47

Roy starts the car as if cautiously cocking a hunting rifle. Bo slides into the passenger's seat. Roy revs the car once, then SCREECHES after the poodle.

48 THEIR POV - HEADLIGHTS 48

dashing across the front lawn. The dog turns, looks, and takes off.

49 BACK TO BO AND ROY 49

Nervous LAUGHTER as they chase the dog, keeping the bumper inches away from the terrified poodle. Roy sadistically pumping the accelerator.

50 BO AND ROY'S POV - DOG 50

makes a sharp left the same time as the car.

51 ANGLE - ROY AND BO 51

Roy hits the brakes. A QUIET THUD and a high pitched DOG SQUEAL. Bo looks at Roy.

BO
Ah shit, you hit him.

Bo hops out of the car to check on the dog.

ROY
(calling after him)
That was the point.

51a ANGLE - DOG 51a

The poodle, silhouetted against the headlights, panting. Bo picks it up carefully.

52 INT - CAR - ROY AND BO - NIGHT 52

Roy's in the driver's seat. Bo enters frame on the driver's side holding the dog in his arms.

BO
He's all right, just scared shitless.

ROY
Well, put him down and let's go.

BO
Let's take him with us.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: 52

ROY
Where?

Bo puts the dog in the back of the car and gets in the passenger's seat.

BO
Los Angeles.

ROY
What is it, about six hours?

Bo nods, he smiles and gives the thumbs up sign.

ROY (Cont'd)
All right, I'm there.

53 WIDE ANGLE 53

The street, quiet and dark. Roy REVS the car and races off.

CUT TO:

53A INT - MOBILE HOME (TRAILER) - NIGHT 53A

Roy's FATHER lies on a ratty couch in the cramped living room of the trailer. A bottle of beer sits on the greasy coffee table next to the couch. His father still wears the clothes he wore to work. Roy moves through the trailer with a grocery bag stuffed with clothes. He leaves his home without saying a word to his father. *

CUT TO:

54 EXT - TRAILER PARK - NIGHT 54

Roy's car is parked next to a greasy mobile home. Bo sits in the passenger's seat petting Bon Bon. An overstuffed athletic bag is in the back seat. Roy exits the trailer with a grocery bag. He tosses it in the back and gets in.

CUT TO:

55 INT - CAR - NIGHT 55

BO
(re: the bag)
What's that, your lunch?

ROY
(defensively)
My luggage.

BO
Hey, we got some just like it!

Roy's FATHER, silhouetted in the doorway, leans against the frame and drinks a beer as they drive away. CAMERA HOLDS on the trailer, inside,the bright kitchen light shines on the cramped and dirty home.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

55A EXT - FACTORY - NIGHT 55A

The red Duster is parked on the street in front of the factory. A large chain-linked fence with barbed wired atop it surrounds the large ugly building. Boy and Roy are taking a leak by the fence. O.S. the relentless POUNDINGS and RUMBLINGS of huge MACHINES operating the graveyard shift can be heard in the distance.

55B ANGLE - BO AND ROY 55B

studying the factory as they relieve themselves.

ROY
There it is...we walk in there monday and we're on the drill press the rest of our lives.

BO
Yeah, well, maybe they'll nuke it first.

A sad pause as they both look back at the factory.

BO
Whew! I'm glad we stopped, my back teeth were floatin'.

Bo can't change the subject. Roy looks at his friend and then back at the factory.

(CONTINUED)

BO
Let's go, huh?

Bo and Roy turn away and head back toward the car.

CUT TO:

56 EXT - HIGHWAY (DESERT) - NIGHT 56

Lone headlights on the dark highway. The car speeds past.

57 SERIES OF SHOTS 57

* The Road Runner enroute to Los Angeles. The tone of the shots are dark and eerie.

58 INT - CAR - NIGHT 58

Bo and Roy are in the car. Bo looks in the back at Bon Bon and gives the dog a potato chip.

BO
Poor dog, what a pussy fuckin' name, Bon Bon. How 'bout naming him Bandit? Johnny Quest had a dog named Bandit.

ROY
Who the fuck is Johnny Quest?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

BO
Oh come on! Johnny Quest. Saturday morning. He went on adventures with his dad and his Indian friend Haji.

ROY
That's so lame. Didn't you read Sergeant Rex Granite, defender of the Yukon?

BO
Wasn't he a bad guy on Scooby Doo?

ROY
Sergeant Rex used to kill Commies that tried to sneak in through Alaska.

BO
(sarcastic)
Wow! Action packed. He must of killed... six or seven Commies a year.

ROY
(excited)
No way, he'd kill forty Commies on the opening page and then...

BO
(cuts him off)
All right, all right, in memory of your childhood, I dub this dog...

Bo makes an official motion of his hand.

BO (Cont'd)
Sergeant Rex Granite, defender of the Yukon.

ROY
Cool.

58a ANGLE - BON BON 58a

the newly declared defender of the Yukon, appearing cute and cuddly.

CUT TO:

59 EXT - FREEWAY (I-5) -- NIGHT 59

The car races by the entrance of Camp Pendelton. A large sign reads "UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS BASE - CAMP PENDELTON. PRESERVING CALIFORNIA'S NATURAL RECOURCES."

60 INT - CAR - NIGHT 60

Bo keeps an eye on the sign as it whizzes by. He turns front and thinks a moment while scratching the dog's ear.

BO
Ah...were you talking to that Marine about enlisting?

Roy shrugs. Bo stares at him in disbelief. No response from Roy.

BO
Oh fuck, the Marines? I don't want to join the Marines. I don't want to run twenty miles a day with sixty pounds on my back, having some grunt calling me maggot and saying shit about my mother, then ending up in El Salvador or someplace like that with a bullet in my butt.

Beat.

ROY
You don't have to join.

Bo is hurt then grows angry. Pause.

60 CONTINUED: 60

ROY
Bo, I want to tell you something.

Bo stares out the window, giving Roy the cold shoulder.

ROY (Cont'd)
I been thinkin' about it a lot...
and I never told anyone.
(pause)
I got stuff inside me.

BO
(concerned)
What, like cancer or somethin'?

Roy laughs, then shakes his head. Bo returns to anger.

He turns away; Roy thinks.

ROY
You remember that time that guy smashed into your car and just took off? You were so mad but couldn't do anything about it.

BO
Oh man, I wanted to kill that guy.

Pause.

ROY
That's the way I feel all the time.

Bo looks at his friend curiously. Pauses to think.

BO
You're just righteously pissed off. *
You're like a lot of people.

ROY
I thought the Marines might get it *
out of my system.

BO
All you'll get out of the Marines
is a bad haircut.

They both acknowledge the bad joke. Bo awaits Roy's response. Pause.

60 CONTINUED: 60

Roy, frustrated and inarticulate, he shrugs and steps on the gas pedal.

DISSOLVE TO:

61 EXT - FREEWAY - NIGHT 61

The car speeds along on a dark open stretch of road.

DISSOLVE TO:

62 SERIES OF SHOTS - PROGRESSING INTO LOS ANGELES - DAWN 62

The Road Runner passes by:

Anaheim. The tip of the Matterhorn.

Billboards. Beautiful people in fashionable dress.

Carson. The refinery lights twinkle as a giant flame roars in the distance.

Billboards. One for a liquer, with aristocratic sexual overtones.

Culver City. A plane crosses the freeway.

CUT TO:

62A ANGLE - BO 62A *

looking at the billboards with disdain.

CUT TO:

63 EXT - SELF SERVICE GAS STATION - DAWN (DAY) 63

Several pumps with digital displays. In the b.g., an enclosed booth with thick glass that separates the attendant from the customer.

The Road Runner pulls into the station. Bo is driving.

64 ANGLE - BO 64

yawns, his eyes are red and itchy as he heads for the pump. He picks up the nozzle, puts it in the tank, and presses the handle.

65 CLOSE - GAS PUMP 65

Nothing.

66 ANGLE - BO 66

walks over to the pump and pounds it. O.S., TAPPING ON GLASS.

67 ANGLE - ATTENDANT 67

an IRANIAN with a neatly trimmed beard, knocking on the glass to get Bo's attention.

68 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 68

Roy leans out of the driver's side.

ROY
I think you have to pay him first.

BO
Six bucks worth?

Roy nods. Bo pulls out two bills from his pocket and heads for the booth. He yawns and rubs his tired eyes.

69 CLOSE - COLLECTING TRAY 69

Bo mistakenly puts two dollars into the collecting tray which closes as the Attendant takes the money.

69a. ANOTHER ANGLE 69a.

ATTENDANT
(thick accent)
What number?

BO
What?

The Attendant points vaguely.

ATTENDANT
(irate)
What number pump?

BO
Ah... five.

Bo walks back to the car. Roy is at the nozzle.

70 CLOSE - DIGITAL DISPLAY 70

stops on two dollars.

71 ANGLE - ROY AND BO 71

Roy walks over to the pump and flicks the on/off lever. He looks at Bo. Nothing. Roy kicks the pump.

72 ANGLE - ATTENDANT

pounding the glass, SHOUTING, but barely heard through the small metallic speaker.

73 ANGLE - BO 73

rolls his eyes and heads for the booth.

BO
(politely)
'Scuse me, the machine stopped at two bucks.

74 ANGLE - ATTENDANT 74

folds his arms, leans back in his chair and stares at Bo.

75 ANGLE - BO AND ATTENDANT 75

BO
I gave you six dollars.

The Attendant quickly raises two fingers, as if flipping off Bo.

ATTENDANT
Two bucks.

BO
No, I gave you a five and a one!

The Attendant repeats his action.

ATTENDANT
Two bucks.

Bo checks his pockets to see if he still has the five.

BO
(to Roy)
Hey, did I have a five and a one or two ones?

75a. ANGLE - ROY 75a.

tired and impatient.

ROY
What's goin' on?

75b. ANGLE - BO & ATTENDANT 75b.

BO
(to Roy)
Didn't I have a five and a one back there?
(to Attendant; growing angry)
Come on, turn the machine on!

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

The Attendant reaches for the cash register. Bo relaxes. The Attendant pulls out two one-dollar bills and holds them spitefully in Bo's face.

ATTENDANT
Two bucks.

He drops the bills into the register and resumes his haughty posture. Bo becomes livid.

BO
(screaming)
Oh, you motherfucker!
(to Roy)
This fuckin' camel jockey's rippin' us off.

76 INT - CAR - DAWN 76

Roy reaches into the back seat. Bon Bon whimpers nervously.

77 CLOSE - TIRE IRON 77

grabbed by Roy.

78 EXT - ATTENDANT BOOTH - DAWN 78

Roy approaches, he marches over to the door of the booth and tries to open it. Finding it locked, he runs up to the front of the booth, rears back, and furiously swings the tire iron against the glass. The pane CRACKS into a spiderweb.

78a. CLOSE - BO 78a.

startled, he moves back a few steps, scared.

BO
Holy shit, what are you doin?

79 CLOSE - ATTENDANT 79

terrified.

80 CLOSE - GLASS 80

tire iron POUNDING the surface. DEEP THUDS.

80a ANGLE - BON BON 80a

BARKING at the boys.

81 INT - ATTENDANT BOOTH - DAWN 81

Roy insanely trying to get into the booth.

82 ANGLE - WINDOW 82

gives in and SMASHES into a million pieces.

82a. CLOSE - BO 82a.

showered by the smashed glass. He's swept up by Roy's violent fury.

83 ANGLE - ATTENDANT * 83

throws an ashtray at Roy and tries to grab the tire iron.

84 ANGLE - ROY AND ATTENDANT 84

Roy reaches through the window and HAMMERS the tire iron against the Attendant's forearm, CRACKING the bone.

85 CLOSE - ATTENDANT 85

SCREAMS with pain and starts to draw back. O.S., Bon Bon BARKS furiously.

86 WIDE ANGLE 86

Roy grabs the Attendant and pulls him through the shattered glass, heaving the Attendant onto the concrete. Bo climbs into the booth through the window and presses buttons hoping to activate the pump.

87 EXT - GAS STATION - DAWN 87

Roy violently pummels the Attendant who tries to sheild his face from the blows.

88 OMITTED 88

89 ANGLE - ROY 89

glassy-eyed, fist covered with blood, punches the Attendant.

89A ANGLE - BON BON 89A

GROWLING.

89B ANGLE - ROY & ATTENDANT 89B

The attendant escapes Roy's grasp and runs. Roy chases the Iranian, catches him, grabs the gas pump, and POUNDS the attendant in the back of the head. The attendant drops. *

CUT TO:

90 ANGLE - BO 90

rapidly scanning the counter, oblivious to Roy's actions.

BO
(to Roy)
Hey, ask him how you work this thing.

Bo looks up from the counter at Roy.

91 BO'S POV - ROY & ATTENDANT 91

Roy regains his senses and ends his rage. He breathes heavily, then laughs nervously. The Attendant lies on the ground, bloody.

ROY
Ask him what?

92 CLOSE - BO 92

Bo, realizing the absurdity of the situation, begins laughing.

BO
I just want some gas!

They laugh hysterically, until, for Bo, the realization sets in. Then the fear. Pause.

BO
Let's get the hell out of here.

93 WIDE ANGLE 93

Bo takes some candy and gum as an afterthought then gets out of the booth. They quickly run to the car. Bon Bon BARKS and jumps excitedly in the front seat.

94 ANGLE - ATTENDANT 94

MOANING on the ground.

95 WIDE ANGLE 95

The car TEARS out. The horizon is red, as the sun rises against the Los Angeles skyline.

96 EXT - LOS ANGELES - THREE SHOTS - DAY 96

The Los Angeles skyline at dawn. Large and foreboding, its vastness hides individual activity much like an undetected cancerous cell in a human body.

CUT TO:

97 EXT - GAS STATION - CLOSE - AMBULANCE LIGHT - MORNING 97

Light flashing red as the ambulance spins and pulls away, SIRENS BLARING.

98 WIDER ANGLE 98

A gathering of curious ONLOOKERS watch as POLICE investigate the incident.

99 ANGLE - DETECTIVE MARK WOODS 99

32, handsome, with a youthful gleam in his eyes, crouches over the blood-stained pavement.

100 ANGLE - ATTENDANT'S BOOTH 100

Walking out is DETECTIVE ED HANLEY, paunch, 45, with slightly graying hair. He moves toward his partner, Woods.

WOODS
Robbery?

Hanley shakes his head.

WOODS (Cont'd)
(pause)
Vendetta?

HANLEY
His name is Amir Acbar Shakir.

Woods looks blankly at his partner.

HANLEY (Cont'd)
Iranian. Could be a political thing. Gung-ho American, Khomeini sympathizers, Iraquis. Or just a pissed off husband.

WOODS
Probably. We know eighty percent of assault victims know their assailants.

Hanley nods, walks over to the bystanders. Woods follows.

101 ANOTHER ANGLE 101

They split up and ask if anyone saw the incident. The people simply shake their heads or give mumbled responses, not wanting to get involved.

Hanley thanks a WOMAN. He's tapped on the shoulder by a GRIZZLED OLD MAN.

OLD MAN
I saw it. I saw it happen.

Woods walks over to the Old Man and his partner. He pulls out his memo pad and a pen.

OLD MAN
I was walking by as they were leaving. Two blacks and a Mexican.

Hanley and Woods exchange glances. Woods writes the information down in his notebook.

HANLEY
Did they have a car?

OLD MAN
Yeah, they had a car, Cadillac, of course.

Woods writes in his book.

OLD MAN
Goddamned minorities, they steal everything. They gotta have some way to pay for the cars they drive.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101 **

Woods stops writing and puts his book away.

HANLEY
Thank you, sir.

The two detectives turn away and begin to walk off.

WOODS
(re: the old man)
Fucking asshole.

Hanley shakes his head in agreement. In the b.g., the Old Man turns to another bystander and continues his ramblings. The two detectives pass the OWNER of the gas station who stands by the bloody pavement with a mop.

WOODS
Sir, you cannot clean up yet. We have to take some photographs.

OWNER
And who is going to buy gas from a place with blood on the ground? Huh?

Hanley and Woods move to the pumps, away from the onlookers and other policemen.

WOODS
Christ, no wonder people are afraid to go out of their homes. What the hell could he have done to deserve this?

HANLEY
He showed up for work last night.

WOODS
Maybe we'll get to talk to the Attendant this afternoon.

HANLEY
He'll be lucky if he remembers his name after the beating he got, poor bastard.

The two detectives SIGH and go over their mental notes. Hanley looks at one of the pumps and furrows his brow.

102-103 OMITTED 102-103 OMITTED **

104 HANLEY'S POV - GAS PUMP 104

Two dollars. The gas pump lies on the ground. Officers dust for fingerprints. (CONTINUED)

HANLEY
(sarcastically)
Two bucks, huh? Those guys sure got their money's worth.

CUT TO:

105 INT - MOTEL ROOM - CLOSE- TELEVISION - DAY 105

A violent cartoon.

(CONTINUED)

106 ANGLE - BO 106

sitting on the edge of his bed, elated, LAUGHING at the cartoon, especially the savage BOPS and THUDS on the sound track. The poodle, Sergeant Rex, sleeps curled up on Bo's lap.

107 WIDE ANGLE 107

A third-rate motel room with velvet paintings of L.A. for decorations. The pea-green walls are smudged with finger-prints. A small sticker reads "NO PROSTITUTES." Bo laughs. Roy, half asleep, rolls over in his bed. VIOLENT SLAPSTICK SOUNDS emit from the TV.

ROY
What are you doing?

BO
I'm too wired to sleep.
(pause)
Besides, this one's great.
These two mice have run of this
house and this lady brings home
a cat... oh wait...

O.S. a cat SCREAMS with pain. Bo bounces his leg nervously.

BO (Cont'd)
So the two mice are trying to make
this cat think he's crazy.

MACHINE GUN FIRE from the television. The cat YELLS. Roy watches for a moment.

ROY
You're fuckin' weird.

He rolls over and closes his eyes. O.S., RAPID PUNCHING SOUNDS.

BO
This looks like you and that
Iranian.

108 CLOSE - ROY 108

opens his eyes as if just remembering the incident. His jaw tightens.

108A ANGLE - BO AND ROY 108A

BO
(petting the dog, sadly)
Hey, you think that guy's dead?

ROY
Nah, I doubt it.

BO
God...I can't belive we...Jesus, that was a real 'E' ticket. *

ROY
He pissed me off.
(pause)
We shoulda killed that guy.

BO
We almost did. *

108B CLOSE - ROY 108B

ROY
Almost doesn't count. *

BO (O.S.)
'Cept in horeshoes and handgrenades. *

Roy lies awake, staring into space.

CUT TO:

109 EXT - BEACH (VENICE) - DAY 109

A wave breaks against the shore. The beach is crowded and full of excitement as if this was the first hot summer day. Roy sits on a three-foot high retainer wall, while Bo stands majestically. The dog sits at their feet.

BO
It was many and many a year ago
In a kingdom by the sea.
That a maiden there lived whom
you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee...

ROY
Sit down, you're embarrassing me.

BO
It's Edgar Allen Poe.

ROY
Couldn't you just think it?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 109

Bo sits down and pouts. Pause.

BO
You don't appreciate great art.

A beautiful GIRL walks past, poured into her bikini. Their heads follow.

BO (Cont'd)
Something inside tells me she's made for me.

ROY
Yeah, the tip of your dick.

The boys stare hard at the girls. Behinds. Breasts. Beautiful girls. Their frustration mounts.

BO
(releasing)
Man, these girls can't walk around half naked all day and not want it in every orifice.

Roy keeps looking; he knows better.

BO (Cont'd)
I bet if you just walked up to 'em. Just go up to them and say 'Hey, let's go, let's go baby. I wanna bone you 'til your tits pop off. *

Roy shakes his head.

ROY
(quietly)
Forget it, man. You're just a hopeless romantic.

Some COMMOTION O.S.

110 ANGLE - NEARBY 110

An OLDER WOMAN, 70's, is berating TWO RASTAFARIANS for smoking dope. The two men LAUGH, which only angers the Older Woman. *

OLDER WOMAN
It's bad enough you smoke it at all, but in front of children!

111 ANGLE - NEARBY BEACHGOERS 111

LAUGHING. Some people begin to BOO and HISS, good-naturedly.

112 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 112

taking in the situation. Bo LAUGHS. The JEERING becomes louder as more people join in.

113 ANGLE - OLDER WOMAN 113

OLDER WOMAN
(to beachgoers)
Ahh, go to hell. You should be helping me stop this disgrace.

114 ANGLE - BEACHGOERS 114

begin tossing paper cups and wads of paper.

115 ANGLE - OLDER WOMAN 115

A GIRL, 18, moves to the Older Woman. Smiling, she puts an arm around her, encouraging the elderly woman to leave.

116 ANGLE - CROWD 116

having a good time hassling the Older Woman.

117 ANGLE - ROY 117

picks up an empty beer bottle and throws it.

118 CLOSE - OLDER WOMAN 118

The bottle hits her in the forehead, a sickening THUMP. Shocked, the Older Woman staggers until she falls. A trickle of blood on her forehead.

119 ANGLE - CROWD 119

taken aback. Silenced and shocked. A COUPLE PEOPLE get up to help.

120 ANGLE - THE GIRL 120

angered, searches for the culprit.

121 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 121

LAUGHING.

122 ANGLE - THE GIRL 122

spots Bo and Roy and marches toward them.

123 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 123

see the Girl heading for them and instinctively move toward the car. Bon Bon is left amongst the crowd, BARKING.

The Girl follows them, joined by TWO OTHER GIRLS in swimming suits. The crowd simply watches them gathering on the outskirts of the parking lot.

The boys reach the car and get in, the three Girls racing up to confront them. The Girl stands outside the driver's window while the other two POUND and kick the car.

ROY
Don't touch the car, you fuckin' bitch.

Girl #2 vindictively flails at the car. Girl #3 spits on the windshield.

GIRL
I want you to take that woman to the hospital, you pricks.

ROY
We didn't do nothin'.

GIRL
I'm sure. I saw you.

124 ANGLE - THE CROWD 124

CHEERING the Girls on and LAUGHING at the boys.

125 CLOSE - BO 125

scared and embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 125

GIRL
You little cocksuckers better come out of there. Come out!

ROY
You psycho bitch. I didn't do nothin'.

Girl #3 takes out her keys and SCRATCHES a three-foot mark on the passenger side. The sound stirs Bo. Girl #2 jumps on the hood and POUNDS the windshield in a manner similar to the boy's attack at the gas station.

BO
(quietly)
Let's get out of here.

Roy REVS the engine. The Girls raise their voices to be heard over the car.

GIRL
Queers.

BO
Oh shit, we forgot the dog! God damn it.

Roy guns the car into reverse and speeds out of the parking space, Girl #2 still on the hood.

Roy fishtails the car, sending the Girl flying onto the pavement. Her friends run to help her, flipping off the Road Runner as it races away.

Bon Bon runs up BARKING at the car. The Girl bends down and reads his tags. She looks back toward the direction of the car and looks puzzled. She picks up Bon Bon and goes to check on her friend.

CUT TO:

126 EXT - LA BREA TAR PITS - DAY 126

Hokey concrete dinosaurs surround the pitch-black pools of tar. A tall chain-link fence separates the sightseers from the prehistoric muck. Bo and Roy slouch on the sidewalk waiting for something to happen. They appear very depressed.

BO
(re: Tar Pits)
I thought there were supposed to be big dinosaurs sticking out of them.

ROY
I thought it'd be bubblin' and stuff. Steam and shit.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126

Pause. Bo looks around.

BO
Maybe there's a show or something.

127 ANGLE - PARK ATTENDANT 127

in an orange jumpsuit, big rubber boots, and a painter's mask marches toward the tar pits.

BO
All right, here we go!

The boys watch with great anticipation. The Attendant reaches into his back pocket, whips out a large trash bag and begins picking up litter.

128 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 128

shocked and disappointed.

BO
Ahh, man, what a screwed job.

Roy turns away.

ROY
What, our jobs are better?

BO
The factory, you mean?

ROY
No, our jobs as fashion designers.

BO
Quit complaining, it's a good job. It's American. Man-U-facturing.

ROY
Bull-fucking-shit.

BO
Better than Jack-in-the-Box. Wasn't that bad when we worked there before.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

ROY
That's 'cause it was for two months in the summer and you knew it was for two months, that's why it was bearable. When are we gonna get out now?

BO
When something better comes along.

ROY
You sound like my Dad. Been there 30 years and always a week away from getting out. All right, we start Monday, we get out in two months and then it's six months and then you wake up and it's thirty fucking years later.

BO
(angry)
What do you want us to do? Become computer programmers? Drive the Space Shuttle? Maybe we can perform a couple heart transplants.

Uncomfortable pregnant pause.

BO (Cont'd)
Look, I don't know about you, but I'm not having a good time in L.A. Jesus, Roy, we were beaten up by a couple of girls! And we lost Sergeant Rex, defender of the Yukon.

Roy LAUGHS, then Bo LAUGHS, happy to have changed the conversation.

ROY
Stupid dykes, where do they get off callin' us fags?

BO
(frustrated)
You know... I'd like to...

He clenches his fist.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

BO (Cont'd)
... just... wouldn't it be great if like the government declared Cave Man Day. You could just knock girls over the head and drag 'em back to your house and drill their socks off. You could just do anything. You could walk around naked, throw rocks at people, take a crap in the road. Just be prehistoric.

ROY
Better than Valentine's Day.

BO
Come on, we'll go shower, eat someplace good, then it's cave man day. You in there?

Roy looks at Bo with restrained disbelief.

BO (Cont'd)
(bass voice)
You Cro-magna.

Roy can't help LAUGHING.

ROY
All right, I'm there.

CUT TO:

129 INT - HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 129

Woods and Hanley stand around in a hospital corridor. Hospital atmosphere in the b.g., Orderlies, Nurses, and O.S. DOCTOR PAGES over the INTERCOM. The police are bored since they have been waiting a while. An attractive NURSE sways past the men, Woods' head follows as she walks by. He turns to Hanley and raises an eyebrow.

WOODS
Those white stockings are 'it.'

HANLEY
I'm a married man, besides, I couldn't fall for a girl that gives enemas to other men.

Woods LAUGHS hard. The Nurse walks past again. His laughter dies, his expression segues into serious thought.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: 129

WOODS
(beat)
Yeah, I guess you're right. That's too bad.

A door opens. The two detectives turn and face a DOCTOR, late 30's, Chinese, with a serious tone.

DOCTOR
Detectives Hanley and Woods?

They nod.

DOCTOR (Cont'd)
You can see him for five minutes. He's got a compound fracture on his right forearm, had to be a metal instrument. He's got some internal bleeding, mild concussion, multiple lacerations, we stopped counting the stitches at 150.

HANLEY
Has he said anything?

DOCTOR
He's been under heavy sedatives all day, it's hard for him to talk. We're wiring his jaw shut tomorrow.

HANLEY
Thank you, Doctor.

130 INT - HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON 130

Two beds, one occupied by a PATIENT watching television, a cheezy game show. The detectives move to the Attendant's bed.

131 ANGLE - THE ATTENDANT 131

a gruesome sight, face purple and swollen, tubes in his nose and arm, his right arm is raised and in a large cast. He is too groggy to feel most of the pain.

HANLEY
Mr. Sheerky?

Trying to correct the mispronunciation, the Attendant, SHAKIR, mumbles incoherently. The detectives look at each other as if "this is going to be tough."

132 ANGLE - THE OTHER PATIENT 132

CHEERS as a contestant wins a prize on the television.

133 ANGLE - DETECTIVES 133

ignoring the other patient.

HANLEY
We'd like to ask you a few questions about this morning.

Shakir closes his eyes, wishing he could forget.

HANLEY (Cont'd)
Did you know the attacker personally?

Shakir shakes his head slowly.

WOODS
Was it two blacks and a Chicano?

Shakir raises two fingers.

HANLEY
It was two people?

Shakir nods.

134 ANGLE - PATIENT 134

answering a question on the game show.

PATIENT
Saturn... Saturn... NO... Neptune! Neptune!

135 ANGLE - DETECTIVES 135

Hanley tries to ignore the other patient.

SHAKIR
(mumbles)
Two boys.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: 135

WOODS
(to Hanley)
Two boys.
(to Shakir)
Over twenty?

Shakir shakes his head "no."

WOODS
Over sixteen?

Shakir nods.

SHAKIR
Big car. (color)

HANLEY
Do you remember the make?

PATIENT (O.S.)
(adamantly)
Take the car! Jesus, take the car!

WOODS
(to the other patient)
Hey, shut up!

136 ANGLE - THE OTHER PATIENT 136

Angry.

PATIENT
Ah, go back to 'frisco.

137 ANGLE - DETECTIVES AND SHAKIR 137

Shakir grows tired and groggy.

SHAKIR
Um...Plymouth...run...

He moves two fingers like a "road runner."

WOODS
Plymouth? A Duster?

Shakir shakes his head.

CONTINUED:

HANLEY
Ah...Ah...run?

ANGLE - PATIENT

taking an interest.

PATIENT
Road Runner!

ANGLE - SHAKIR & DETECTIVES

Shakir nods. Woods writes in his book.

ANGLE - PATIENT

waiting for a "thank you."

ANOTHER ANGLE

Woods looks at the patient.

WOODS
Whatta you want, a prize?

PATIENT
Eh, ba fung goo!

He returns to his program.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: 137

. Ed watches Woods, then turns back to Shakir, who lies motionless, eyes closed.

HANLEY
Did you get a license number?

Nothing.

WOODS
Ah, Christ, is he dead?

HANLEY
No, he's still breathing. He's just gone.

WOODS
Great, we got two teenagers in a souped up car. That cuts it down to about a hundred thousand.

HANLEY
In a city of eight million.

WOODS
Our chances of getting them decreases fifty percent over the next twenty-four hours.

Hanley pause, incredulous.

HANLEY
Where do you hear this, shit?

WOODS
Come on, I read. Some people read romance novels, I read criminology.

HANLEY
I don't mind you spoutin' off statistics it's just that it sounds like shit from "Kojak" re-runs.

They begin to leave and pass under the raised television. The other Patient is pouting with arms folded. Woods stops.

WOODS
I'm sorry, sir. We just wanted to hear Mr. Shakir's answers.

PATIENT
Don't apologize. You already ruined it for me.

The detectives stand, in quiet agitation, under the overhead television. On the screen, a contestant in hysterics over winning the grand prize.

CUT TO:

138 EXT - SERIES OF SHOTS - LOS ANGELES - DUSK 138

Magic hour. Tighter than the earlier skyline shots. Neon, traffic, people out on a Saturday night. The composition reflects a feeling of uneasy anticipation as darkness veils secret activities.

CUT TO:

139 EXT - STREET - (ROAD RUNNER) - DUSK 139

The car* cruises the streets of Hollywood. They pass punk rockers and avant-garde artists amongst the new wave neons on Melrose Avenue.

140 INT - ROAD RUNNER - DUSK 140

The boys are fascinated. Bo chugs from a bottle of "Southern Comfort."

BO
Man, this street looks like MTV.

Roy nods his head broadly, having a good time.

ROY
Whoa! Punk rockers.

141 BO AND ROY'S POV - GIRLS 141

walking down the street, fashionable, very cute, but not punk rockers. The car drives past.

142 INT - ROAD RUNNER - NIGHT 142

BO
What are you doin'? We should stop.

ROY
Why?

BO
They're punk rockers! They're against everything! They're anarchists.

ROY
They're what?

(CONTINUED)

142 142

BO
Anarchists. That means they'll fuck anything.

ROY
You'd fuck a punk rocker?

BO
I'd fuck the cigarette lighter if my dick would fit. *

ROY
What do you mean, 'if?' *

142 CONTINUED: 142

143 EXT - STREET (MELROSE) - NIGHT 143

The car fishtails and heads back towards the girls. The Road Runner cruises slowly next to them. Bo leans out the window.

BO
Hey girls, the Sex Pistols rule!

The girls look at each other in disbelief.

BO (Cont'd)
You wanna party?

One girl shoots two fingers, an English flip-off.

144 INT - ROAD RUNNER - NIGHT 144

Bo and Roy look at each other, puzzled.

BO
(to girls)
Well?

145 EXT - MELROSE - NIGHT 145

The Girl walks over to the car and spitefully shoves the two fingers in front of Bo's face.

GIRL
Eat my fuck.

Bo looks at Roy, puzzled.

BO
What does eat my fuck mean?

Roy floors the accelerator and they SCREECH away.

146 INT - ROAD RUNNER - NIGHT 146

BO
God, I hate those punk rockers.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: 146

ROY
(laughing at Bo)
Anarchists.

They return to catching the sights.

BO
Hey, look at that lady.

147 EXT - STREET - NIGHT 147

A BAG LADY, her possessions in a grocery cart, searching through the trash.

148 INT - ROAD RUNNER - NIGHT 148

BO
I saw a lady with a shopping cart by the motel. Must be like a club or something.

Roy LAUGHS and shakes his head.

ROY
Bo, be glad there are people even worse off than us.

Bo looks out the window.

149 EXT - HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT 149

The car turns onto Hollywood Boulevard. A DRUNK sits on the sidewalk, vomit on his shirt and two empty liquor bottles by his side.

150 ANGLE - TWO GAYS 150

leather clad, spikes, one parades the other by a leash. The dominant Gay walks proudly in front of his partner.

151 ANGLE - BUM 151

jumps in front of the car. He's covered with grimy dirt. The bum SCREAMS and YELLS at Bo and Roy about God only knows what, before stumbling on across the street.

152 INT - CAR - NIGHT 152

BO
(excited; drunk)
Jesus, this place is insane!
(shouts)
Hey, hey, hey, this is the place.

Bo points out the window.

153 BO'S POV - NEON SIGN 153

Script lettering reading "OUTRAGE" in shocking pink neon against a white wall.

154 EXT - STREET (SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD) - NIGHT 154

The car * enters in f.g., across the street from the bar, and takes a parking place. The boys get out and head for the bar.

BO
Hey, we might not be able to get in.

ROY
We look old enough. Let's play it by ear.

155 ANGLE - SIDEWALK OUTSIDE OF BAR 155

Lively. Two gay men, CHRIS, 27, very skinny, big ears, and very delicate, and DWAYNE, 25, an average-looking man dressed colorfully yet tastefully. Neither are effeminate, talk with a lisp, nor possess any other stereotypical gay traits.

Chris takes a noticeable interest as the two boys approach. Dwayne looks at the objects of Chris' attention and smiles.

DWAYNE
(to Chris)
Cradle rocker.

Chris smiles and remains fixed on Bo and Roy.

156 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 156

approaching hesitantly, casing the place over.

157 ANGLE - CHRIS 157

notices their wariness and moves toward them. Dwayne remains in the b.g.

158 ANGLE - BO, ROY AND CHRIS 158

CHRIS
What are you guys waiting for?

Bo and Roy look at one another cautiously.

BO
Well,... we're only eighteen.

CHRIS
No problem.

BO
Hey, thanks. I'm Bo, this is Roy.

CHRIS
I'm Chris. Come on.

159 INT - BAR - NIGHT 159

They enter the bar. Chris strikes up a conversation with Bo. Instinctively cautious, Roy hangs back, surveying the surroundings.

Nice decor with a rectangular bar in the middle, lit by decorative blue neon lights. The place is packed, consisting mainly of men. Bo is too distracted to take note of the unbalanced male to female ratio. Roy is immediately aware he is in a gay bar and tenses.

160 ANGLE - THE BAR 160

Chris, Bo and Roy approach the bar. Chris takes a position between them. The BARTENDER approaches. Chris turns to Bo.

BO
I'll have a beer. *

Chris turns to Roy who nods.

CHRIS
Two beers and I'll have a kamakazi.. *

The bartender produces the beers and begins pouring the drink. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

161 CLOSE - ROY 161

His jaw tightens. He stares straight into the bar. His breathing is angry.

161A ANOTHER ANGLE 161A

The bartender works on the drinks. During his story-telling, Bo and Roy survey their surroundings uneasy about the bar, the bartender, and the situation in general.

BARTENDER
So there's this bar in Newark and this crazy bastard goes up to my buddy the bartender and he says, "I'm a great peeer...

CHRIS
A great peeer?

BARTENDER
Yeah, he pees real good. So he says, I bet ya two hundred dollars I can stand on this end of the bar and piss into a shot glass at the other end of the bar." So my buddy says, "You're on." The guy gets up on the bar and pees all over the place, not even close to the glass.

CHRIS
Uh huh.

BARTENDER
So my buddy laughs and says to the guy, "That was a stupid bet, why would you make a bet like that?" and the guy says, "'cause I bet Charlie over there five hundred dollars that I can pee all over your bar and make you laugh."

Chris and Bo LAUGH. Roy is unamused.

CHRIS
No tip for that joke.

BARTENDER
Swear to God, true story!

The bartender finishes pouring the drink. Chris picks up the tab.

(CONTINUED)

162 WIDE ANGLE 162

A very muscular gay, PETER, wearing a white tank top t-shirt and tight faded blue jeans, moves next to Roy, smoking a cigarette. He places his arm around Roy's waist. Roy whips around and quickly knocks the man's arm away. They stand face to face, Peter is obviously more powerful than Roy.

Peter slowly pulls the cigarette from his lips and flicks it against Roy's chest. The orange ash scatters to the floor. Roy jumps back, then assumes an aggressive stance. Peter, mockingly sexual, flicks his tongue against his teeth.

CHRIS
It's all right, Peter. These boys are my friends.

Peter stares at Roy as he slowly walks away.

163 ANGLE - BO AND CHRIS 163

Concerned, Bo finally takes note of his surroundings.

164 BO'S POV - TWO MEN 164

French kissing next to him.

164a ANGLE - CHRIS AND BO 164a

BO
Jesus Christ, let's get the hell out of here.

CHRIS
We could go to my apartment.

BO
No, I don't...

165 CLOSE - ROY 165

ROY
(cuts him off; flatly)
Sounds good.

166 ANGLE - CHRIS, BO AND ROY 166

Surprised and happy, Chris turns to Roy, his back to Bo.

167 REVERSE ANGLE 167

Bo leans out behind Chris's back, shielded from Chris's view, looks at Roy, and points to Chris.

BO
(mouthing the words)
He's a fag.

Roy nods. Bo leans back on his stool, confused.

CHRIS
Well then, let's go.

Roy gets up and follows Chris

168 CLOSE - BO 168

numb with dis-belief.

CUT TO:

169 INT - CHRIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 169

Black until a light CLICKS on. The apartment is well furnished with white walls and peach trim. Cheery and tastefully decorated, the room reflects an upper income.

CHRIS
Make yourselves comfortable.
I'll get some drinks.

Chris puts some MUSIC on before exiting into another room.

170 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 170

standing five feet apart. Roy turns and stares hard at Bo. Bo averts his eyes. Roy, feeling Bo won't interfere, turns and sits.

171 ANGLE - CHRIS 171

re-enters with a serving tray carrying drinks and some candles. He places the candles at various points in the room, lights them, and turns off the lamp, creating an eerie orange glow.

Bo takes his drink and moves to a home computer on the opposite side of the living room, turning his back on Chris and Roy.

172 ANGLE - ROY AND CHRIS 172

sitting on the couch. Roy is in a hypnotic-like state. He removes his shirt.

CHRIS
(to Bo)
Are you interested in computers?

Bo doesn't answer. Chris goes to the computer. Beads of sweat form on Roy's forehead, his breathing quickens.

173 ANGLE - BO AND CHRIS 173

by the computer, their backs to Roy, who is in the b.g., on the couch.

CHRIS
You know, in ten years you'll be illiterate if you don't know how to use one of these things.

He turns it on. A cold blue light bathes Chris and Bo. Roy slowly rises and moves to the computer. Roy turns the music UP LOUD.

174 CLOSE - CHRIS, BO AND ROY 174

Roy moves up behind Chris and puts his arm around Chris's neck. His muscles tremble. Bo remains fixed on the monitor. Chris gently strokes Roy's forearm and elbow.

175 EXTREMELY CLOSE - CHRIS'S NECK 175

Roy's grip tightens.

176 ANGLE - CHRIS, BO AND ROY 176

Chris becomes puzzled. Roy pulls Chris's head back and up. Growing scared, Chris frantically grabs at Roy's arms. Roy pulls Chris away from the computer as Bo finally turns to look.

177 SERIES OF SHOTS 177

Chris struggling with Roy. Chris whips his elbow into Roy's abdomen causing Roy to release his grasp as he holds his stomach.

Chris runs to a small coffee table and opens the drawer, choking with tears of fear.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: 177

He reaches for a gun in the drawer.

Bo sees the gun, then runs over and kicks the coffee table out of Chris's reach.

Chris looks at Bo with intense hatred.

CHRIS
You pig.

With a quick thrust, Roy violently jerks Chris's head back in a head lock. He wraps his arm around Chris's waist, holding his arm, to protect himself from another elbow punch. Chris GASPS, then GURGLES inhumanly. Roy's breathing becomes rapid, his teeth clenched as his victim grabs desperately at his forearm. Chris bites Roy's arm. Roy SCREAMS but maintains his grip.

178 ANGLE - BO 178

Reacting to Roy's pain, he suddenly moves.

179 SERIES OF SHOTS 179

Bo, his arm cocked, runs up to Chris and smashes his fist into Chris's extended throat. Blood spurts from his mouth onto Roy's arm.

Roy tightens his grip.

Bo begins punching the restrained man, wildly. Chris kicks with his feet, attempting to escape. He begins to CRY.

Roy delivers violent kidney punches into Chris's back as Bo flails on the man, who grows increasingly weak. Roy SCREAMS as he forcefully swings his victim into a wall. Chris instantly turns limp and drops to the floor, unconscious, blood smeared on the walls.

SILENCE.

The boys are fired up. Their BREATHING is HEAVY and they are drenched with sweat. Roy is spotted with blood.

They exchange looks and smile, sharing their rush.

Bo picks up a knick-knack and throws it against a wall. He then tears out the computer and heaves it onto the floor. Roy LAUGHS.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: 179

ROY
(deep voice)
Cro-magna'.

They both laugh nervously.

180 CLOSE - GUN 180

on the floor.

Bo picks up the .38, very excited.

BO
WHOA! Check this out.

He swings it around like a little boy playing cops and robbers, then aims it at the dead body.

BO (Cont'd)
(a la Eastwood)
Okay, punk, I know what you're thinkin'. Did I fire six shots or only five? Go on, make my day.

The gun FIRES, to Bo's surprise.

181 ANGLE - CHRIS 181

A slight jerk upon bullet's impact. He's dead.

182 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 182

shocked that the gun fired.

182a CLOSE - BO 182a

looks at the gun then looks up at Roy, numbed by the realization then trembles with the thoughts of the consequences.

182b CLOSE - ROY 182b

a slight smile as if they have just sealed a lifelong pact.

ROY
Don't worry, man, we're gone.

182b CONTINUED: 182b

Roy grabs his shirt and the boys run out, leaving Chris's gruesomely slain body on the floor.

CUT TO:

183 INT - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Woods has his face buried in the F.B.I.'s report on CRIME IN AMERICA. Hanley listens to ROSS, 40, looking tired, in the middle of a story.

ROSS
So this fuckin' nut has Hagerty hostage sittin' on his front porch with a shotgun pointed at his head. Neighborhood watchin', TV Cameras, the works.

HANLEY
What were his demands?

ROSS
Are you ready? This fuckin' nut wants Candy Maldanado, Greg Brock, and a player to be named later, traded to the San Diego Padres for Steve Garvey or he's gonna blow Hagerty's head all over the porch!

Woods and Hanley shake their heads in disbelief.

WOODS
You're kidding. Maldanado is battin' .295.

They all LAUGH.

HANLEY
Only in L.A.. Next week you'll hear of somethin' even crazier. Is Hagerty alright?

Ross nods.

ROSS
This nut felt the Dodgers haven't been the same without the iron man.

The PHONE RINGS. Woods picks it up.

WOODS
This is Woods. Yeah... yeah what makes you think it was our guys?

Woods' expression becomes serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Woods hangs up.

WOODS
There's a homicide in West Hollywood. Witness saw two boys in a Road Runner.

CUT TO:

184 INT - CHRIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 184

Chris's body is gone but the aftermath of the violence remains. Blood on the walls and carpet, smashed furniture, and ripped out computer. Police investigators take photos, dust for prints, and question Dwayne who sits in a chair, obviously quite shaken.

185 ANGLE - WOODS AND HANLEY 185

display their badges and walk into the room. A large, heavyset detective, GUTFEILD, moves toward them.

GUTFEILD
(re: the incident)
See what happens when you cheat on your wife?

He LAUGHS obnoxiously. Woods and Hanley try to ignore his wisecracks.

HANLEY
What happened?

GUTFEILD
Well, that fag...
(points to Dwayne)
... says the dead fag picked up on two boys in a (color) Road Runner at the Outrage, you know that queer bar on Santa Monica?

WOODS
We'll talk to him.

GUTFEILD
Look, another thing, if it is your guys, things are gonna get worse.

HANLEY
Why?

GUTFEILD
The dead fag has an unregistered .38

WOODS
Sixty million handguns. Christ, they're more popular than sex.

GUTFEILD
That's not the worst part...this gun's missing.

Woods and Hanley pause to think. Hanley nods to Dwayne.

HANELY
(quietly; to Gutfeild; RE: Dwayne)
What's his name?

GUTFEILD
(poor gay imitation)
Dwayne.

(CONTINUED)

HANLEY
Dwayne, may we ask you a few questions?

DWAYNE
Oh, God.

HANLEY
I know how you must feel right now but we need to know about the boys you saw with...
(realizes he doesn't know the victim's name, embarrassed)
... your friend.

DWAYNE
(quietly)
Chris.

HANLEY
(sympathetically)
Chris. Was he last seen with them?

DWAYNE
Yes.

HANLEY
Did you or he know them?

DWAYNE
No.

HANLEY
You saw their car?

DWAYNE
(growing upset)
Yes.

HANLEY
Could you tell me the make?

DWAYNE
(sighs; angry)
A Road Runner. A (color) Plymouth Road Runner. *

WOODS
How do you know?

185 CONTINUED: 185

DWAYNE
(angry)
I saw them get out.

WOODS
How would you know the make?

DWAYNE
(bursting out)
Oh Jesus Christ! I just didn't play with dolls when I was little!

Dwayne pauses to collect himself. He SIGHS. His anger changes to tears. Hanley pauses. Woods looks down.

HANLEY
Dwayne... could you describe them?

DWAYNE
I heard them say their names were Bo and Roy. Bo had dark hair. Roy was muscular, blonde hair, six foot. They both looked about eighteen, maybe twenty.

HANLEY
Did Chris seem upset to you? Was there anything on his mind that may have made him susceptible to this... situation?

DWAYNE
We had an arguement but it was no big deal...

Dwayne fights back tears.

DWAYNE (Con't.)
That's all I can think of now.. I'm sorry.

He breaks down, SOBBING.

HANLEY
Thank you, Dwayne.

They turn and slowly walk away, nod to Gutfeild, and stop before the doorway.

WOODS
What are you thinkin'? The guy at the gas station and this guy had somethin' in common?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANLEY
I got my own thoery. It's like in the jungle, a predator knows which one to pick from the pack.

Woods nods, thinking it over.

WOODS
Yeah, I've read that. They work on instinct. They can sense vulnerability by the way their victim walks or a look in their eye.

Pause to think. Hanley moves to an OFFICER.

HANLEY (Cont'd)
(to Officer)
Put out an APB on the Road Runner and the two boys. Concentrate a patrol in the west end.
(to Woods)
Let's check the gay bar.

GUTFEILD
Oh, you like those fudgepacker bars?

Hanley stares hard at Gutfeild.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: 185

GUTFEILD
(nods to Dwayne)
Maybe that little buttslammer
can show you around.

Hanley charges Gutfeild, throws him against the wall and pins him with his forearm. Woods puts a restraining hand on Hanley's shoulder.

185A ANOTHER ANGLE 185A

Hanley looks into Gutfeild's eyes. Unable to express his deep hate for a man like Gutfeild in words, Hanley releases his grip and walks out. Woods follows. The other officers in the room return to the investigation.

CUT TO:

186 EXT - WESTWOOD VILLAGE - NIGHT 186

A CALYPSO BEAT. On a street corner, THREE COLLEGE BOYS perform in front of a small crowd of people. Two of the boys play instruments, bongo drums and maracas, while the other dances a parody of Carmen Miranda, including flowered dress and fruit hat.

187 ANGLE - CROWD 187

LAUGHING as it watches, some people toss money into a hat on the sidewalk. Moving through the crowd, the CAMERA passes smiling faces, people CLAPPING and LAUGHING until it STOPS on Bo and Roy.

They stand with arms folded, unaffected by the festive atmosphere. Bo watches the dancer with a grim expression. Roy glances around the crowd and the street.

188 SERIES OF SHOTS - ROY'S POV 188

189 ANGLE - BOY AND GIRL 189

The Boy playfully rubs the Girl's behind. She grabs his arm and wraps it around her waist.

190 ANGLE - MERCEDES 190

A group of HIGH SCHOOL KIDS, obviously driving their father's car.

191 ANGLE - CLOSE - MAN'S SHOULDERS AND NECK 191

A soft female hand, fingernails painted red, caresses the man's shoulder.

192 ANGLE - GROUP OF BOYS 192

bantering successfully with a group of girls.

193 ANGLE - MAN AND WOMAN 193

50's, in expensive clothes. She wears an evening dress and expensive jewelry.

194 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 194

Roy takes an angry SIGH and stares into the crowd. Bo turns and looks off to his left.

195 BO'S POV 195

CLOSE on a girl's leg, early 20's, from knee to ground. Shapely legs in silken stockings, MOVING UP reveals a beautiful blonde girl in a white summer dress, tan and healthy. She has a similar "look" to Bonnie McRoberts from high school. Her BOYFRIEND, an older, 27, preppie-type, holds her hand as they smile at the dancer.

196 ANGLE - BO 196

stunned by her appearance.

197 ANGLE - COUPLE 197

They wrap their arms around each other's waists and slowly walk away from the crowd.

198 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 198

Bo watches them leave, then moves away to follow. Roy walks after Bo.

199 EXT - STREET (WESTWOOD) - NIGHT 199

The boys slowly stride down the sidewalk creating a slight wake of people who move out of their path. The couple is ahead of them by twenty yards.

Bo remains fixed on the girl. Roy notes Bo's stare and searches for the object of his friend's attention. Once Roy sees the Girlfriend, he smiles as if laughing at Bo.

BO
She's beautiful, man.

Roy shakes his head.

The Boyfriend drags the Girlfriend into a video arcade. The boys follow.

200 INT - VIDEO ARCADE - NIGHT 200

The arcade is crowded and noisy with the sounds of EXPLOSIONS, LASER BLASTS, and ELECTRONIC MUSIC. Bo and Roy pass TWO YOUNG BOYS, 12 and 13, playing "MACH 1," a game which has the player bomb cities.

Roy stops at a game and drops in a quarter. He gives a look to Bo who nervously shakes his head, declining to play. Bo looks off at the girl.

200a BO'S POV - THE COUPLE 200a

They stop at a video game. The Boyfriend pulls out some dollar bills and walks off for change. The Girlfriend is left alone by the machine.

200b ANGLE - BO AND ROY 200b

Bo works up his nerve and moves to the girl. Roy glances curiously at Bo but returns to his game.

200c ANOTHER ANGLE 200c

The Girlfriend studies the game. Bo approaches and stands next to her. Beat.

BO
(nervously)
Hi... I was, ah, kinda wonderin' if you want to play me a game.

(CONTINUED)

200c CONTINUED: 200c

The Girlfriend is a bit surprised and hesitant, but after a moment's thought smiles.

GIRLFRIEND
Well.... all right.

Bo smiles then fumbles with the quarters before dropping them into the machine, which BLEEPS twice. They stand looking at each other until Bo extends a hand that shakes nervously.

BO
Ladies first.

The Girl begins to play. Bo stands to her side sneaking glances at her out of the corner of his eye but pretending to be watching the game, his heart pounding. The machine BLEEPS.

GIRLFRIEND
Oh shoot.

Bo awkwardly steps up to the game. The Girl, who expected a friendly exchange, is confused by Bo's silence. Bo begins his turn and immediately the game machine produces a FARCICAL SOUND. Bo winces.

GIRLFRIEND
(nice but condescending)
You should use the hyper-drive.

Unbeknownst to Bo, the Boyfriend returns and stands behind the Girl. Bo keeps playing the game giving it his best shot. The machine BLEEPS.

GIRLFRIEND
Oh, those things always get me.

The Boyfriend steps in.

BOYFRIEND
Here, let me show you.

(CONTINUED)

The game BLEEPS to start. The Girlfriend looks apologetically to Bo who quickly and awkwardly backs away, embarrassed. The Girlfriend is puzzled by Bo's strong reaction, then returns to her boyfriend.

200d ANGLE - BO AND ROY 200d

Bo meets Roy at a game with a good visual line of the young couple. Roy drops a quarter in and plays while Bo stares at the girl.

201 ANGLE - COUPLE 201

The Boyfriend is at the controls of a video game, his hands and fingers move quickly as he racks up points. The Girlfriend grows more excited and cheers him on.

GIRLFRIEND
All right! You're great!

202 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 202

Roy's game makes a lower sound, a MUSICAL STINGER.

ROY
Shit.

Bo's stare is even more intense, his face hardened.

203 ANGLE - COUPLE 203

A couple of KIDS have gathered around to watch the Boyfriend's masterful play.

204 CLOSE - BOYFRIEND'S WAIST 204

The girl's hand squeezes the Boyfriend's hips, affectionately.

205 CLOSE - BO 205

Roy's game ends with an EXPLOSION O.S., the red and orange light bursting onto Bo's face. Bo punches the machine.

ROY (O.S.)
Forget it, man. It's just the way things are.

BO
(whispers)
He's such a dick.

206 ANGLE - BOYFRIEND 206

finally messing up. The Kids and the Girlfriend LAUGH and MOAN with disappointment. The Girlfriend pecks him on the cheek.

207 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 207

ROY
I suck at these games.

BO
(whispers)
She's so fuckin' gorgeous.

208 ANGLE - COUPLE 208

The Girlfriend is playing the video game. The Boyfriend softly rubs her back as she plays.

209 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 209

BO
Motherfucker.

ROY
That motherfucker is the one that'll keep us from goin' anywhere.

Bo stands motionless. Roy grabs him by the arm.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED: 209

ROY (Cont'd)
Let's get out of here.

Bo resists, but Roy finally pulls him away.

ROY (Cont'd)
Come on, son, I'll buy you some lifesavers.

Bo LAUGHS.

CUT TO:

210 EXT - STREET - NIGHT 210

The boys walk out of the Postermat with wax candy shaped like coke bottles and filled with colored water. They take in the sights. Girls pass them, fashionably dressed.

ROY
Why don't girls dress like that where we live?

BO
What, and be burned as witches?

They look around.

ROY
You wanna go to a movie?

BO
We didn't come to L.A. to see a movie. Let's try something different.

ROY
Like what, that 'Body Shop' place? That's one way for you to see a girl get naked.

BO
No.

ROY
What about that laser rock show?

Bo spots something in the distance.

211 BO'S POV - THE COUPLE 211

in front of Baskin and Robbins with ice cream cones. The Girlfriend stops walking to give her Boyfriend a hug.

212 ANGLE - BO & ROY 212

ROY
I don't know. Nothing else sounds exciting.

He notices Bo in a trance-like state, looking off down the street.

212a ROY'S POV - THE COUPLE 212a.

walking hand in hand.

212b ANGLE - BO & ROY 212b

Roy looks angrily at Bo.

ROY
Oh come on, I don't want to follow that girl all night long.

212a CONTINUED: 212a

Pause. Bo shakes his head, a hint of tears.

BO
This is fucked.

He begins walking in the direction of the couple. Roy remains in front of the store looking at Bo questioningly.

213 ANGLE - BO 213

motions Roy to follow with a nod of his head. Roy walks up to his friend and they move on, following the couple.

CUT TO:

214 EXT - RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT 214

Quiet and fairly dark. A car pulls into the driveway. The motor stops and headlights go out.

215 INT - CAR (IN DRIVEWAY) - NIGHT 215*

The Boyfriend and Girlfriend are in the car. She gathers her things, preparing to leave.

GIRLFRIEND
I can't wait 'til tomorrow, what time are you going to pick me up?

BOYFRIEND
(preoccupied)
About ten?

She nods. An uncomfortable pause. He taps the steering wheel nervously then smiles. She looks at him curiously.

GIRLFRIEND
What is it, Steve?

The boyfriend laughs nervously, then pauses to work up his nerve. The car fills with light from a passing automobile. The Boyfriend squints into the rearview mirror.

216 BOYFRIEND'S POV - REAR VIEW MIRROR 216

Road Runner cruises by.

217 ANGLE - BOYFRIEND AND GIRLFRIEND 217 *

BOYFRIEND (Cont'd)
I had this all rehearsed out but... ahhh.

GIRLFRIEND
What?

BOYFRIEND
Well, the longest I've ever gone out with anyone is three months and that was when I was a freshman. You and me are going on eleven months and I just wanted you to know ...I'm. very happy and...

The girl smiles, she's never been happier.

GIRLFRIEND
You don't have to say it.

BOYFRIEND
(frustrated with himself)
Ahh, shit...I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles and moves over to the boy. They hug first then kiss for a moment. She slowly pulls away.

GIRLFRIEND
(whispers)
You want to come in? *

BOYFRIEND
No, no, you remember what happened the last time? I ended up hiding under the bed. *

The couple laughs, remembering the moment.
The Boyfriend smiles and leans over to kiss her. His hand sneaks down and cups her breast. Roy quickly steps into the driver's window, plants his feet, and BLASTS a SHOT into the Boyfriend's back.

218 CLOSE - GIRLFRIEND 218

Shocked. Blue light flashes onto her face as Roy FIRES a second SHOT at the Boyfriend.

Bo moves to the passenger's side, leans in the window, and holds the girl who trembles in shock. She SCREAMS. Bo becomes nervous and confused.

BO
(to girl)
No, no...wait...

219 ANGLE - ROY 219

Gun pointed at the girl.

ROY
Move back, Bo!

220 ANGLE - BO 220

By reflex, Bo steps back.

221 ANGLE - ROY 221

fires the gun.

222 CLOSE - BO 222

His face is lit by the gunfire, his expression numbed.

223 ANGLE - STREET 223

Roy runs to the car, which is still idling in the street.

224 ROY'S POV 224

House lights turning on.

ROY
Bo!

225 ANGLE - BO 225

stands by the Boyfriend's car with a depressed apologetic look.

ROY (O.S.)
Bo! Jesus Christ!

Bo snaps out of it and runs to the car.

226 ANGLE - STREET - (ROAD RUNNER) - NIGHT 226

Bo jumps in and the car races away. People are running into the street in their nightclothes.

CUT TO:

227 INT - ROAD RUNNER - NIGHT 227

Roy drives intensely as the boys speed away. Bo sits in the passenger seat, distant and removed until suddenly he starts POUNDING the dash and kicking wildly. Roy turns to Bo, tense.

ROY
Hey, hey! Cut it out!

BO
(screams)
Why'd you kill her? I didn't want to kill her.

ROY
What were you going to do? Ask her out?

Bo begins to yell back but stops. He turns away disgusted and rubs his eyes. Pause. Bo delivers one more violent kick onto the dashboard.

CUT TO:

228 EXT - RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT 228

CLOSE - MARK WOODS

looking through the boyfriend's car door. CAMERA WIDENS revealing the dead bodies of the young couple. CAMERA CONTINUES to WIDEN. A POLICEMAN takes photos of the Boyfriend's car. CORONERS prepare to move the bodies. OTHER POLICEMEN perform their various duties around the driveway. *

In the distance, NEIGHBORS watch the investigation from their front lawns.

229 ANGLE - NEWSMEN 229

question uncooperative detectives.

230 ANOTHER ANGLE 230 *

Hanley approaches an older black detective, WATKINS, 50.

HANLEY
Watkins?

WATKINS
Yeah.

HANELY
You responded to our APB. I'm Ed Hanley.

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED: 230

WATKINS
Yeah, ain't much more to go on...

Watkins gives Hanley a report. The detective reads it over. *

230A ANGLE - WOODS 230A*

Woods turns his head away quickly, begins taking short deep breaths, and moves away toward the front porch. He stops dead in his tracks and sits on the front lawn as if the strength in his legs gave out. He rests on the grass.

O.S., from the house, a WOMAN'S CRY, SCREAMING with grief.

231 WOODS' POV - A MAN AND A WOMAN 231

neighbors of the family, shake their heads.

WOMAN
Poor Linda, how can anyone do that to her daughter?

WOMAN #2
There's your answer. The world is crackin' up and the cops...
(nods to Woods)
... are sittin' on their ass.

232 ANGLE - HANLEY 232

walking up to his partner.

HANLEY
Taking a break?

Woods doesn't answer.

HANLEY (Cont'd)
You all right, Mark?

WOODS
Sometimes it just gets me. *

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED: 232

HANLEY
I never look unless I have to.

The two officers pause, Hanley respecting Woods' moment to himself.

HANLEY (Cont'd)
Report says the neighbors heard three shots, saw two boys, one called the other Bo. Drove away in a (color) car.

Woods SIGHS, rubbing his tired eyes.

HANLEY (Cont'd)
The bullet passed through the girl and lodged in the back seat...

WOODS
A .38.

Hanley nods sadly. Woods gets up and brushes himself off.

WOODS (Cont'd)
Well, what are we gonna do?

HANLEY
We got the APB, nothing else to add to it. No license. No last name.

WOODS
Which boils down to, we're not going to learn anything new until they do it again.

Hanley nods.

HANLEY
We'll call the captain and notify him about the urgency of the situation.

In the b.g., the Coroners begin loading the bodies into ambulances.

WOODS
Situation? This is a fucking epidemic. All we do is sit around eating our guts out and wait for the next poor bastard to get his head blown off.

HANLEY
Calm down, Mark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODS
I can't calm down! That's the fucking problem, Hanley. Everyone accepts it, everybody sweeps it under the rug until it happens to them. They're only out for number one. Just once I'd like to take some son of a bitch from the Rifle Association and shove his face into the mess a shotgun makes. *
(his thoughts jamming together)
I feel so fucking useless...the public wants some comic book super hero to take care of all their problems... and all they get are people...like me.

Hanley puts a hand on Woods' shoulder and they move away toward the ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

233 ANGLE - VIDEO CAMERAMAN 233

with an instacam, follows the stretchers which carry the murdered bodies. The portable mini-pro light shines harshly on the blood-stained sheets, giving the scene an ugly and cold realism. The camera Operator turns off the light, turns to a reporter, and flashed the "OK" sign.

CUT TO:

234 234
OMIT OMIT

235 EXT - HILLSIDE/BLUFF (OVERLOOKING LOS ANGELES) - NIGHT 235

The two boys move along quietly along the edge of the bluff overlooking the lights of Los Angeles. The view is overwhelming as the lights stretch as far as the eye can see. Bo appears quiet and upset, his eyes watery. A long beat.

They look around. Bo takes a sip of the Southern Comfort and passes it to Roy who takes a healthy swig, finishing off the bottle.

ROY
It just goes on forever.
(pause)
Why do you think the lights twinkle? 'Cause of cars movin' around and shit?

BO
I think it has something to do with gases movin' around.

ROY
What?

BO
Gases moving around. That's why stars twinkle.

ROY
(impressed)
Huh, I thought the stars twinkled because they're far away.

Pause. They're humbled by the city's magnitude.

BO
Lot of people out there.

Roy nods.

(CONTINUED)

ROY
And it's just you and me up here... watchin' 'em.

Pause. Bo shivers.

BO
You still want to join the Marines?

Roy cocks his head, questioningly.

BO (Cont'd)
(hesitant)
Well... I was kinda wonderin' if you got that stuff out of your system?

ROY
No.
(beat)
Why? You nervous? Scared?

BO
I just... I kinda felt bad about that girl.

Roy turns and looks at the lights.

BO (Cont'd)
She just looked... hurt. I didn't want to hurt her.

ROY
(raising his voice)
We gave her two seconds of pain, she didn't even know what hit her, but those bitches give us nothing but pain.

BO
But there's got to be something else.

ROY
What are you talking about? I wasn't alone.

BO
Yeah... yeah. I know... but we've got to stop.

ROY
Why?

235 CONTINUED: 235

BO
(pause)
Well, I don't want to sound like a fag or nothin', but you're my best friend and if you don't control that shit they'll lock us up.

ROY
They lock us up Monday.

Bo turns and walks away. Roy faces the city. He takes a breath of air.

236 CLOSE - BO 236

closes his eyes, a scared SIGH, then zips up his jacket.

237 ANGLE - ROY 237

looking at the city. Reflecting on his friend's feelings.

238 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 238

Bo turns back and desperately looks at his friend.

BO
Why don't we go back and try to get a drink, we'll get up tomorrow and, go to fuckin' Disneyland. Shake hands with Donald Duck, ride 'Adventures through Inner Space.' Just... fuck this 'Cave Man Day' shit.

Pause. Roy LAUGHS and nods. He moves to Bo and pats him on the back as they walk.

ROY
You mean we can't bone Cinderella?

239 INT - BAR - NIGHT 239

A third-rate neighborhood bar. A few DRUNKS remain to drink and watch the one a.m. morning news. One DRUNK in particular is an older man with gray stubble on his face, wrinkled and tired, he wavers on his bar stool as he takes another drink.

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED: 239

DRUNK
(firmly, speech slurred)
Turn on the hockey game!
(pause)
Turn on the fuckin' hockey game!

At the end of the bar is a woman, ANGIE, 35, but looking ten years younger. Angie is pretty and definitely not slutty. She has an air of intelligence but not reserved. She appears out of place amongst the other clientele but nobody bothers her. AL, the bartender, 55, with a big gut and a cigarette hanging out of the crook of his mouth, watches the overhead television, the sound is turned down.

DRUNK (Cont'd)
God damn it! Turn on the hockey game!

Bo and Roy walk in and take a seat at the bar.

239a ANGLE - BO 239a

looks up at the television.

240 BO'S POV 240

A report on the Middle East. Bloody dead bodies all over.

241 ANGLE - BO 241

catches Angie's eye. Surprised, he stares for a moment before shyly turning away.

242 ANGLE - ANGIE 242

smiling at his awkwardness.

243 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 243

ROY
(impatient)
What's with this bartender?
(to Al)
Hey!

Al ignores him.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED: 243

Roy taps the bar to get Al's attention. Bo looks at the television, then at Angie on the opposite end of the bar. He works up the nerve to smile.

244 ANGLE - ANGIE 244

smiles back and sips a glass of wine.

245 ANGLE - BAR 245

DRUNK
Turn on the fuckin' hockey game!

AL
Hockey isn't until winter. This is summer. There's no hockey on television.

The Drunk pauses, his feelings hurt. He thinks.

DRUNK
Turn on the fuckin' hockey game!

AL
What did I just tell you?

The conversation continues in the b.g.

246 CLOSE - TELEVISION 246

A standard TV ANCHORWOMAN presenting the news. The image CUTS TO the shot taken by the cameraman earlier at the location of the couple's murder. The two bodies being placed in the ambulance.

247 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 247

obviously stunned. Bo subtly turns to Roy while Roy remains locked on the television.

248 ANGLE - AL AND TV 248

Al takes an interest in the story and turns the SOUND UP.

The television cuts to the Anchorwoman.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED: 248

ANCHORWOMAN
If you have any information regarding these suspects, please call the following number. 555-9949.

249 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 249

dazed.

250 ANGLE - AL 250

looks at the boys suspiciously.

251 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 251

Bo averts his eyes from Al's stare. Roy tries to remain cool.

BO
(whispers)
Let's get out of here.

252 ANGLE - AL, BO AND ROY 252

Al walks over to the boys.

AL
You boys have any I.D.?

ROY
(nervous; cocky)
What?

Al leans against the bar, studies them, and pauses.

AL
We don't serve minors.

Roy stares hard, his jaw tightens. Bo looks around and feigns LAUGHTER.

BO
Minors?

AL
Get out.

Bo's expression turns sober. He looks toward Angie.

253 ANGLE - ANGIE 253

cups her hand to her mouth to hide her giggling. She puts some money on the bar and gets up to leave, passing the boys on the way out.

254 ANGLE - BO, ROY, AL AND ANGIE 254

BO
(to Al)
Go on, ask me what year I was born, quick.

Al doesn't care to play the game.

BO (Cont'd)
Come on, ask me what year, quick.

ANGIE
What year were you born?

BO
(quickly)
Nineteenfiftyone.

ANGIE
That makes you thirty-three.

Al smiles and points out the door.

AL
(to boys)
Have a nice life.

Angie smiles and walks out the door.

ANGIE
Bye, Al.

AL
See you later, Angie.

The boys get up and exit.

CUT TO:

255 EXT - BAR - NIGHT 255

Angie lights a cigarette. The two boys step out of the bar, SLAMMING the door.

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED: 255

ROY
(re: Al)
Fuckhead.

The boys notice Angie and turn quiet.

256 ANGLE - ANGIE 256

takes a puff on her cigarette and waits for the boys to approach her.

257 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 257

standing around with hands in pockets, too nervous to approach her.

258 ANGLE - ANGIE 258

takes another puff, blows the smoke out quickly, and turns to the boys.

ANGIE
Look, let's not beat around the bush, you guys want a drink and I'd like your company. We can go to the liquor store, then to my apartment.

They look at each other, a tad apprehensive.

ANGIE
Where's your car?

Bo and Roy nod and head across the street.

BO
My name's Bo, he's Roy.

ANGIE
Hi, Bo. My name's Angie.

258 CONTINUED: 258

ROY
(shouts)
Oh, fuck!

259 ANGLE - ROAD RUNNER* 259

sandwiched between two cars. There is no way out. A note flaps on the windshield. Roy runs up to the car, pulls the note from the wipers, and reads it.

ROY
God damn it.

Angie and Bo walk up to the car.

ANGIE
I don't believe this.

BO
What does the note say?

ROY
Thanks for taking up two parking places, asshole. Son of a Bitches!

Roy looks at each car, frustrated, he then goes to the nearest one and starts kicking at the door.

ANGIE
Roy. Roy.

Roy stops, furious, breathing hard.

ROY
(screams)
What?

260 ANGLE - BAR 260

Taking out the trash, Al looks across the street at the commotion.

261 ANGLE - STREET 261

ANGIE
Just stop to think about this... we're riding on the third planet of a medium star, sitting on the spiraling arm of a galaxy.

(CONTINUED)

ROY
What does that have to do with my car?

Roy gets in the car and SLAMS the door. He starts it up.

ANGIE
If you understand your place in the cosmos, then all problems seem miniscule. The world is beautiful.

ROY
Fuck the world.

He punches the accelerator and SLAMS into the car parked in front of the Road Runner. Roy then throws it in reverse. and SMASHES into the car behind them.

261A ANGLE - BO & ANGIE 261A

Laughing at Roy's attempt to free the car.

261B ANOTHER ANGLE 261B

Roy repeats his attempt to get out of the parking place by RAMMING both cars. The effort is futile because neither car will budge, although they're both dented.

CUT TO:

262 INT - AL'S BAR - NIGHT 262

Al is on the phone. O.S. the SMASHING sound from the street continues.

AL
Yes, it's important, why would I call the police if it wasn't important? What?..Yes, I'll wait.
(to patrons)
The bastards put me on hold!

CUT TO:

263 EXT - STREET - NIGHT 263

Roy has stopped the car. He sits in the driver's seat, angry. Bo puts a calming hand on Roy's shoulder.

BO
Come on, let's go back to her house.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

263 CONTINUED: 263

BO (Cont'd)
By the time we come back the cars will be gone.
(whispers)
If we have to come back.

Bo wiggles his eyebrows like a dirty old man.

ANGIE
I only live a few blocks away.

CUT TO:

264 INT - ANGIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 264

A bottle cap flies into a glass of beer. O.S. CHEERS from Angie and Bo.

265 WIDER ANGLE 265

Angie's apartment is decorated with Earth tones. Throw pillows, bean bag chairs, and beads that separate the kitchen from the living room, the only rooms in the apartment. A bookshelf is loaded with spiritual knick-knacks, tarot cards, candles, glass figurines, and chanting beads.

Boy, Roy and Angie sit in a five-foot triangle, glasses of beer in front of them, playing "caps." Bo lines up a bottle cap, takes aim and tosses the cap into Angie's glass of beer.

BO
Whoa!!!

Angie picks up her glass and downs the contents. She LAUGHS and refills.

ANGIE
No fair, I haven't played this in years.

266 ANGLE - ROY 266

A quick disgusted and bored SIGH.

267 ANGLE - ANGIE 267

takes a cap and tosses it into Roy's glass. It CLINKS as the cap bounces off the glass.

(CONTINUED)

267 CONTINUED: 267

ANGIE
Oh shoot.

Roy takes the cap and half-heartedly tosses it at Bo's glass. He tries to catch Bo's attention, by slightly jerking his head in the direction of the door, indicating he wants to leave.

268 ANGLE - BO 268

pretending he doesn't see Roy, continues the game. His cap CLINKS off Angie's glass.

269 ANGLE - ANGIE 269

tosses her cap into Roy's drink. Bo and Angie CHEER. Roy rolls his eyes and downs the beer easily. He gets up and walks to the bookshelves, looking at the knick-knacks.

ANGIE
Where are you going?

ROY
Not playing anymore.

When Roy's back is turned, Bo looks at Angie and waves his hand, dismissing Roy's behavior. He lines up a cap, being a little drunk, it is somewhat difficult.

BO
(re: Angie's glass)
Which one do I throw it into?

ANGIE
The middle one.

Bo nods to acknowledge the good joke.

ANGIE (Cont'd)
It's not my joke. I stole it from a movie.

BO
What movie?

ANGIE
'It's a Wonderful Life.'

Bo shakes his head and shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED: 269

ANGIE (Cont'd)
Oh, it's a great movie. It's all about how our lives affect each other.

270 ANGLE - ROY 270

picks up the deck of tarot cards and flips through them. Pictures of medieval symbolism he doesn't understand, cause him to make cynical faces.

ROY
(holding cards)
Hey, what's this shit?

ANGIE
They're tarot cards.

ROY
How do you play?

ANGIE
You don't play them. It tells things about your past, your future.

Roy tosses them on the bookshelf.

ROY
Yeah, I bet.

He picks up a crystal ball.

ROY (Cont'd)
(condescending)
I bet I know what this is.

ANGIE
That's just decoration.

BO
I thought it was a way to talk to Auntie Em.

Bo and Angie LAUGH. Roy cuts them off.

ROY
This stuff is all bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED: 270

ANGIE
You know, you have very negative energy. It prevents you from going anywhere.

Changing the mood, she turns to Bo.

ANGIE (Cont'd)
(re: 'Caps' game)
Let's make this interesting.

BO
What, you want to play with rocks?

ANGIE
(laughs)
No, if I make it you have to kiss me and if you make it, I have to kiss you.

271 ANGLE - ROY 271

overhearing. He turns and looks disapprovingly.

272 ANGLE - BO AND ANGIE 272

Bo lines up a shot with great concentration.

BO
Going for the gold in L.A.

He shoots. It goes in.

BO (Cont'd)
All right!
(then embarrassed)
You don't have to pay up.

She smiles coyly, then leans forward and kisses him gently on the lips.

ANGIE
My turn.

Instead of returning to her spot, five feet away, she moves a foot away, for a closer shot. Bo smiles, the tips of his ears are red. She smiles, seductively looks at Bo, then concentrates on the glass. A moment of tension. She shoots and misses. They both GROAN and grab their heads. She quickly picks up the cap.

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED: 272

ANGIE (Cont'd)
No fair, no fair. I get to go again.

BO
(pointing out)
Double or nothing.

She raises an eyebrow and leans closer.

ANGIE
(whispers)
Mind if I cheat?

BO
You cheated last time and missed.

She places her hand directly over the glass between Bo's legs.

273 CLOSE - GLASS OF BEER 273

The cap sinks to the bottom.

274 ANGLE - BO AND ANGIE 274

They kiss, then intensely. They continue kissing as Angie guides him to the floor, Angie atop Bo.

275 ANGLE - ROY 275

disgusted, turns, parts the beads, and enters the darkened kitchen area.

276 INT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 276

Roy opens the refrigerator and grabs a bottle of beer. He stares into the refrigerator as he listens to the O.S. BREATHING and MOANING of his friend and the girl. The stark white light of the refrigerator shines on his sullen face.

ANGIE (O.S.)
Let me take these off.

O.S., clothes RUSTLING.

(CONTINUED)

276 CONTINUED: 276

BO (O.S.)
(out of breath)
Oh, man!

Roy SIGHS and closes the refrigerator. He turns to the small table, his back still to the living room, and takes a seat. He slowly opens the twist top and takes a long sip of the beer.

ANGIE (O.S.)
(whispers)
Here, wait, let me help you.

O.S., Bo's BREATHING becomes rapid and heavy.

ANGIE (O.S.)(Cont'd)
Relax.

O.S., simultaneous MOANS and DEEP SIGHS.

ANGIE (O.S.)(Cont'd)
(whispers, a smile in her voice)
There.

Rhythmic BREATHING begins O.S.

Roy stares into his beer bottle, working up the nerve to look into the living room. He slowly turns his head, knowing full well what he will see.

277 ROY'S POV - ANGIE AND BO 277

through the kitchen beads, Angie straddled over Bo's hips, her shirt sticking to her sweat-moistened body. She controls the movements as Bo caresses her thighs and behind.

278 ANGLE - ROY 278

whips his head around quickly, turning away. He takes a deep breath, then a long drink from the beer. O.S., the BREATHING grows LOUDER intermingled with MOANS and intense SIGHS.

279 CLOSE - ROY 279

His jaw tightens.

280 CLOSE - BOTTLE 280

Roy's grip becomes tighter.

281 ANGLE - ROY 281

The BREATHING nears the point of climax. Angie MOANS O.S., Roy takes a firm quick BREATH. O.S., Bo draws his BREATH in.

282 ANGLE - ROY 282

jumps up from the table and SMASHES the beer bottle against the refrigerator.

283 INT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 283

Roy tears through the beads and quickly grabs Angie, lifting her away from Bo.

Roy takes a lava lamp from the shelf which CRASHES to the ground. The knick-knacks scatter and SMASH on the floor. He beats her with the base of the lamp, blood smearing on the glass.

Roy grabs Angie by the shoulders and forcefully throws her against the wall. He grabs her by the neck and SLAMS her head against the wall.

284 ANGLE - BO 284

shocked, gets up quickly, pulls his pants up, and races to Roy.

BO
(screams)
Stop it!

285 ANGLE - ROY 285

his one hand on Angie's throat, the other arm cocked back to hit her. Bo grabs Roy's arm. Roy turns quickly to Bo with fire in his eyes.

286 ANGLE - BO 286

flinches and steps back in fear.

287 ANGLE - ROY 287

With added power, he unleasehes his anger on the woman. He PUNCHES her several times. She SCREAMS. Blood flows from her nose and mouth, onto her shirt.

288 ANGLE - BO 288

breathing rapidly, helpless, he WHIMPERS.

289 ANGLE - ANGIE 289

She slides to the floor unconscious. Bloody and swollen, her body goes limp. She lies on the floor, her buttocks and legs degradingly exposed. Twisted.

290 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 290

Roy stands over her, BREATHING hard and heavy.

ROY
(to Bo, aggressively)
You fucked that?

Bo rubs his brow to hide his eyes from Roy.

BO
You're sick, Roy.

Roy grabs a glass knick-knack and violently throws it at Angie.

CUT TO:

290A INT - POLICE STATION - NIGHT 290A

The station is busy with activity. In the B.G., people are being booked and questioned. A FRUSTRATED MAN, half in tears, half, reports a crime to an officer. Woods and Hanley are at their desks, tired. Woods finishes typing a page and pulls it out of the typewriter.

WOODS
What's the point of a double shift when all you do is catch the same guys over and over?

He throws a report into the "out" basket. Hanley picks it up and reads it.

HANLEY
(RE: report)
Yeah, I know this character's address by heart.

WOODS
We should be investigating corporate crime. Air conditioned offices, questioning pretty secretaries... getting free lunches.

HANLEY
What's more important, trying to save lives or a few bucks for IBM?
(his thoughts wanders elsewhere)
Jesus, what could two eighteen year old boys have to be so pissed off about?

A UNIFORMED FEMALE OFFICER approaches.

OFFICER
(to Hanley; excited)
Sir?

HANLEY
Yeah.

OFFICER
They've found the car on Highland and Melrose. A bartender saw two teenagers that fit the description.

Hanley and Woods exchange "that could be it" glances.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED:

291-305 OMITTED OMITTED 291-305

306 EXT - STREET -NIGHT 306

In the dark shadows of the buildings. the boys are walking back to their car. Roy marches ahead of Bo by 15 feet. Bo hangs bckd with a depressed posture.

307 CLOSE - BO 307

thinking. He looks at Roy, back at the ground, bites his bottom lip, then runs to catch up with Roy.

308 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 308

Bo runs a few steps ahead of Roy, turns, and raises his hand, motioning to stop. Roy looks at Bo suspiciously. Bo takes a quick breath.

BO
(firmly)
We're going home.

Roy stares hard at Bo.

BO (Cont'd)
We're going home right fucking now!

Roy's jaw tightens.

BO (Cont'd)
When we get there, all this was just... one day... and from then on I get married, have kids, and work at the machine shop. If that's all I can have, then that's all I want. We're going home.

A moment of tension. Roy stares hard at Bo.

ROY
(quietly)
Okay.

Bo is obviously relieved. He forces a smile to reaffirm their friendship. Roy smiles back. They begin walking off.

BO
We go to the hotel, get our stuff...

Roy stops dead in his tracks. He grabs Bo's jacket.

ROY
Oh, shit.

Bo looks at Roy, puzzled.

Bo looks up and then down the street.

309 BO'S POV - ROAD RUNNER* 309

A UNIFORMED OFFICER stands over the car writing in a notepad. The two cars that blocked them earlier remain.

310 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 310

Nervous, Bo trembles. Roy pulls the gun out of his jacket pocket. They whisper.

BO
What are you doin'? Put that away.

ROY
They know. Didn't you see the fuckin' television?

BO
No, he's alone, he's just giving us a ticket. He'll be gone in five minutes. Just wait five minutes.

They creep back into the shadows and watch the cop.

311 ANGLE - ROAD RUNNER* 311

The Policeman finishes taking notes, goes to his car, gets in, and calls in on the radio.

312 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 312

BO
(whispers)
I told you.

A long moment passes.

ROY
Why doesn't he leave?

O.S. in the near distance, the sound of several SPEEDING CARS grows LOUDER. A SIREN blares.

313 ANGLE - ROAD RUNNER* 313

Four cop cars converge at the car , the street is lit by the flashing red and blue lights. The POLICE get out and immediately start checking the nearby buildings and apartments.

314 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 314

Eyes growing wide, they instinctively walk away quickly. Their steps become faster until breaking into a run.

315 COP'S POV 315

Boys running away.

316 ANGLE - POLICEMAN 316

He yells out after Bo and Roy.

POLICEMAN #1
Hey!
(to other Cops)
Down the street.

He climbs into his car and calls in on the radio. A SIREN SCREAMS from another police car.

317 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 317

run out in front of a Ford Maverick. The car SCREECHES and skids to a stop.

MAN IN CAR
What are you doing, you crazy son of...

Roy points the gun in the man's face.

ROY
(quickly)
Get out.

The Man shakes with fear. He is unable to pull the lever to open the door.

318 ROY'S POV 318

Police cars speeding towards them.

319 ANGLE 319

Roy reaches for the door handle, opens the door, and pulls the Man out onto the pavement. The boys hop into the car and race off. The Man remains sprawled out in the street, too scared to move.

CUT TO:

320 INT - HANLEY'S CAR - NIGHT 320

Hanley and Woods in the car, speeding along.

RADIO (V.O.)
...stolen vehicle is a red Ford Maverick, Ocean Delta Robert 438, suspect is wanted for suspicion of homicide. Roy Thomas Alston, *

They look at each other. Woods hits the accelerator.

321 EXT - STREET - NIGHT 321

The Maverick speeds along. Police in pursuit.

322 ANGLE 322

The car swerves around a corner. The other police cars swerve, then regain control.

323 INT - MAVERICK - NIGHT 323

Roy is driving at top speeds, sweat beads on his forehead. Bo looks out the rear view window. Roy pulls out the gun and gives it to Bo.

BO
You're crazy, I can't shoot at cops. What if I kill 'em? *

ROY
It's alright if you kill people as long as it's the right people. *

BO
Where'd you hear that? *

ROY
(proudly)
Heard it in a "Dirty Harry" movie. *

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

324 EXT - STREET - NIGHT 324

The Maverick and three cop cars speed past. The Police are closing in.

325 INT - HANLEY'S CAR - NIGHT 325

Hanley and Woods listen on the police scanner.

RADIO (V.O.)
... now heading westbound on Melrose and Fairfax.

Hanley looks out the window and makes a quick right-hand turn.

326 EXT - STREET - NIGHT 326

The Police are closing in. Two patrol cars, one to the left and one behind, maneuver into position to force the Maverick over. The COP in the car to the left holds a gun on the boys.

POLICEMAN #1
(over loudspeaker)
Pull over.

327 ANGLE - ROY 327

hits the brakes.

328 WIDE ANGLE 328

The patrol car behind the Maverick stops and swerves into the curb. The patrol car to the left continues forward. Roy makes a hard left into a parking structure for an urban shopping mall. They CRASH through the toll gate arm.

CUT TO:

329 INT - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT 329

They race through the circular parking lot looking for a way out.

330 ANGLE - EXIT 330

suddenly blocked by a cop car.

331 ANGLE - MAVERICK 331

reverses. Smoke is pouring out of the back tires, it fishtails and races away.

332 WIDE ANGLE 332

The boys ditch the car and run for the escalators.

CUT TO:

333 INT/EXT - ESCALATORS - NIGHT 33

Extending from the side of the eight-story mall, the glass enclosed escalators overlook the streets of Hollywood. Police can be seen and HEARD surrounding the mall.

(CONTINUED)

333 CONTINUED: 333

The boys run up the escalators towards the mall's entrance. Neon lights, outlining the escalators, shine in their faces.

334 ANGLE - MALL'S ENTRANCE 334

looking down the escalators, Bo and Roy near the top. Bo holds the gun. A uniformed SECURITY GUARD runs out of the entranceway to the top of the escalator. He looks down on the boys.

335 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 335

looking up at the Security Guard.

BO
We're fucked.

336 REVERSE ANGLE 336

GUARD
That's right, you are.

337 WIDE ANGLE 337

Roy charges the unarmed Security Guard and grabs him by the shirt. The Guard takes a swing at Roy who ducks the punch.

With all his strength, Roy hurls the Guard down the steel staircase. The boys run into the mall.

CUT TO:

338 INT - SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT 338

A triple-terraced mall. The boys on the third level. A third of the overhead lights are on, giving the mall an overall dark look. Lights from the display windows dominate the illumination. The colors of the neons about the stores cause surreal lights and shadows. The only sounds are the FAINT O.S. SIRENS.

339 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 339

Frenetically moving from shop to shop searching for a place to hide.

(CONTINUED)

339 CONTINUED: 339

BO
What are we looking for?

ROY
A place to hide or a way out.

340 ANOTHER ANGLE 340

They move quickly down the mall. Roy freezes in front of a Sporting Goods store. Bo moves back to Roy.

BO
Come on, god damn it!

Roy points in the store's window.

341 BO AND ROY'S POV - SPORTING GOODS STORE 341

In the back of the store in glass cases are several hunting rifles and pistols.

342 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 342

ROY
If we get those rifles, we're there.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Stop right where you are.

Bo and Roy turn around quickly.

343 ANGLE - BO, ROY AND SECURITY GUARD 343

Bo has the gun pointed on the FEMALE SECURITY GUARD, black, tough looking, as if she moonlights in the Roller Derby. She is shocked to see the weapon. She quickly eyes each boy, nervously. Bo trembles with the gun.

ROY
(to Guard; re: store)
Open it up.

The Guard slowly pulls out a master key and pulls up the large gate at the store's entrance. The three walk in, the Guard held at gunpoint by Bo.

CUT TO:

344 INT - SPORTING GOODS STORE - NIGHT 344

They walk down the aisle quickly, passing the equipment toward the guns.

345 CLOSE - GUARD 345

searching the aisleways with her eyes.

346 GUARD'S POV 346

A rack of aluminum baseball bats.

347 ANGLE - GUARD, BO AND ROY 347

The Guard quickly grabs a bat and swings it at Bo.

348 CLOSE - BO'S ARM 348

the bat hitting his biceps.

349 ANGLE - GUARD, BO AND ROY 349

Bo SCREAMS with pain and drops to the floor. The Guard swings at Roy. He ducks the bat which hits a shelf of tennis ball cans.

350 SERIES OF SHOTS - FIGHT 350

Roy grabs a bat and savagely swings at the Guard.

Roy hits her bat. She absorbs the blow, then returns the swing, hitting him on the hip. He YELLS and falls against a rack of sport shirts.

The Guard stands over him threateningly. Roy reaches over, grabs her legs, and pulls them out from under her. The Guard falls.

Roy runs over to the Guard, straddles her and drops to his knees. He begins PUNCHING her. She reaches up and jabs a finger in his eye. He lurches back and she kicks him off.

The Guard runs for the doorway. Roy grabs her foot, tripping her.

Roy quickly gets up, grabs the Guard's shirt and pulls her up. With all his strength he swings her around and pushes the Guard through the display window. The ALARM RINGS.

351 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 351

Bo is holding his arm, in pain, temporarily sobered by the RINGING alarm. Scared, he runs up and grabs Roy. Roy holds his eye. His cheek is puffy and swollen.

ROY
You got the gun?

Bo shows him the gun in his hand. A deep black and blue mark on his arm. They run out into the mall.

CUT TO:

352 INT - SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT 352

The mall's security office on the first level. Police prepare weapons and go over mall blueprints. Hanley and Woods march into the room.

HANLEY
(to Officer)
Are the policedogs here?

A short fast-talking man, the proprietor, MR. KANTER, overhears Hanley and moves to him.

KANTER
Hold it, what did you say? Dogs? Oh no, no dogs.

HANLEY
Who are you?

KANTER
I run this mall and if you as so much scuff the floors, I'll have you in court so fast...it scares me to think how fast you'll be in court.

WOODS
Sir, we have two dangerous people in this mall. We will use every method available to catch them.

KANTER
That's it! I'm suing!
(to Hanley)
I'll sue you, the city, the state, every one of you.

Kanter marches off.

(CONTINUED)

352 CONTINUED: 352

Hanley doesn't even take the time to comment on Mr. Kanter. He turns to some Officers in the room.

HANLEY
I want to use the mall's intercom system.

An OLDER SECURITY GUARD, 70's, gets up from behind a desk.

OLD GUARD
Right over here.

He hands Hanley a microphone and clicks a toggle switch.

CUT TO:

353 INT - MALL - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT 353

A full shot of the darkened mall. Large and ominous. Hanley's voice echoes through the building.

HANLEY (O.S.)
(filtered)
Bo and Roy, this is Detective Ed Hanley.

354 ANGLE - BO AND ROY - TRACKING SHOT 354

racing by stores. Neon. Display windows. Blurred images. Running past shops stopping only to check the locked doors.

HANLEY (O.S.)
No need to tell you we have all the exits covered. Come out now before there's any more damage, boys.

Bo and Roy look around the empty mall as if Hanley was a voice from God.

BO
Shit, he didn't even tell us about the sale at Sears.

Bo simply follows Roy, not even checking for a way out.

BO
Hey, Roy, let's cut it out.

ROY
What?

(CONTINUED)

354 CONTINUED: 354

BO
We're busted. We did some pretty fucked things.

ROY
We can get out of here, no problem.

354a SERIES OF SHOTS 354a

LOUD CLICKS REVERBERATE through the mall as the lights are turned on.

354b ANGLE - BO AND ROY 354b

startled by the lights.

ROY
We got two shots left. We fire a shot, they'll take cover, then down the escalator and we're out.

BO
(angry)
No! We can't go back to the car. We can't go back to the motel. We can't go back home. We're fuckin' busted.

Roy's anger swells before he lunges at Bo and grabs him by the throat, pushing him against a waist-high glass partition overlooking the two lower levels. They slip to the floor.

355 ROY'S POV - LOWER LEVEL 355

Lights are turning on. O.S., dogs BARK and hollow FOOTSTEPS. Police dogs and Officers come into view as they search for the boys.

356 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 356

ROY
Ahh, Christ.

Roy lets go of Bo and gets up on one knee.

ROY (Cont'd)
Give me the gun.

(CONTINUED)

Bo shakes his head.

ROY (Cont'd)
I don't give a shit what you're doin'. I'm gone.

Roy motions for the gun. Bo shakes his head.

BO
Gone? Gone where? Maybe they'll give us a break - we're kids. If you take this gun...you're dead.

Roy makes a quick grab for the gun. Bo tucks it under his arm.

Roy pulls Bo to his feet and spins him around. Roy's back is to the waist-high partition.

The two boys stare at one another. Roy trembles.

ROY
I can't go back. I can't handle those people...especially now.

357 ANGLE - POLICEMAN 357

Roy's rash outburst draws their attention. Some of them run toward the escalator. A Policeman pulls out his gun.

358 ANGLE - BO AND ROY 358

Roy takes an aggressive step toward Bo. Bo steps back and looks down at the Police. Roy continues then stops. He looks sadly at Bo.

358A ANGLE - BO 358A

looks sadly at Roy.

359 BO'S POV - POLICEMAN 359

with weapon extended and aimed.

POLICEMAN #2
Stop!

A ANGLE - BO 359A

BO
I'm you're best friend, Roy.

He raised the handgun.

360 CLOSE - BO'S EYES 360

Bo FIRES the .38. It explodes O.S.

361 ANGLE - ROY 361

Shot in the chest, the impact of the blast throws him against the railing. He flips over the partition. *

361A ANOTHER ANGLE 361A

Roy falling to the floor, forty feet below. *

CONTINUED:

362 ANGLE - BO 362

in that state of shock where there are no emotions. He slowly begins to tremble.

363 ANGLE - HANLEY AND WOODS 363

running out of the office.

364 ANGLE - BO 364

Stunned, he drops the gun and puts his hands raised high above his head.

Policemen rush onto him, wrestling him to the ground. His face is pressed against the cold floor.

365 CLOSE - BO 365

scared and in tears. From the ground he looks at Roy's body.

366 BO'S POV - ROY 366

motionless and bloody. Policemen gather around.

367 ANGLE - BO 367

closes his eyes.

368 ANOTHER ANGLE - WOODS AND HANLEY 368

watch as an Officer picks up Bo and frisks him. Another Officer searches for needle marks and dilated pupils. The entire experience is embarrassing and terrifying.

POLICEMAN #2
You have the right to remain silent, anything you say can...

The Officer's words fade out as Bo looks around, dazed.

369 SERIES OF SHOTS 369

Police putting guns away. Police dogs BARKING.

Bizarre mannequins appearing to be laughing at him.

369a ANGLE - HANLEY AND WOODS 369a

Woods looks upon Bo with disgust. Hanley has a look of sad compassion.

370 ANGLE - BO 370

He looks down at his friend.

371 BO'S POV - ROY 371

Police taking pictures of the body. FLASHES of light from the camera.

372 ANGLE - BO 372

turns away, closes hig eyes tightly, and begins SOBBING.

373 ANGLE - WOODS AND HANLEY 373

Hanley sees Bo crying and curiously looks on. He and Woods walk over to Bo.

WOODS
Are you Bo Richards?

Bo's head snaps at the recognition of his name.

WOODS (Cont'd)
Did you kill him?

He points O.S.

374 ANGLE - ROY 374

Roy's body is covered. The sheet is stained with blood.

375 ANGLE - BO 375

closes his eyes and CRIES. He shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

375 CONTINUED: 375

HANLEY
Son, did you kill Christopher Wall?
Sharon White and Daniel Martin?
Angela Whitaker?

Bo turns to the detectives, dazed and glassy-eyed.

WOODS
Did you kill them?

Bo shakes his head.

BO
No...

Bo turns to Hanley.

BO (Cont'd)
(softly)
They killed us.

Beat. Hanley and Woods think to themselves. Woods moves towards Bo, snapping open a pair of handcuffs.

376 CLOSE - BO'S WRIST 376

Handcuffs CLICKING on.

377 SERIES OF SHOTS 377

The Police wrapping up the incident.

The Security Guard being taken away on a stretcher.

Hanley moves in and leads Bo away. Woods follows.

378 ANGLE - ROY'S BODY 378

A Policeman begins outlining Roy's body with chalk.

379 ANOTHER ANGLE 379 *

Hanley and Woods leads Bo away, his head bowed in shame. PICTURE FREEZES then CHANGES TO BLACK AND WHITE with the grain-like quality of a newspaper photograph. OPTICAL ZOOM IN to Bo.

SUPERIMPOSE GRAPHIC: VIOLENCE WILL ONLY STOP WHEN WE STOP IT

LONG FADE OUT: